

UFOs: CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE CURIOUS KIND

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

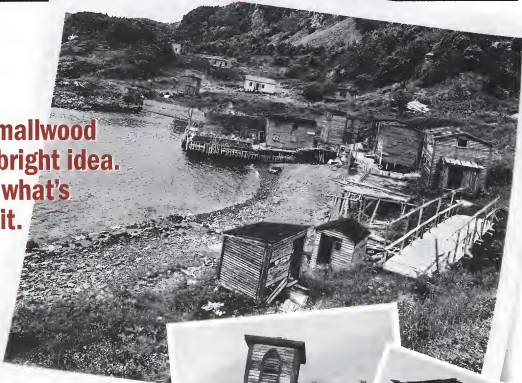
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MEDICINE
Mistakes that Kill

WINNIPEG
Reclaiming the Core

Ghost Ports

Joey Smallwood
had a bright idea.
Here's what's
left of it.



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From the Editor

Canada through the eyes of Arbuckle

When Michael held his 90th-anniversary party in 1995, a star attraction was a slight man in his late-80s who seemed startled by his acclaim: Franklin (Archie) Arbuckle shouldn't have been. In many art lovers and Maclean readers of a certain age, Arbuckle is often seen as Canada's Norman Rockwell (although Arbuckle's admirers note, less precious in style, with a better sense of humour). In the 1940s and '50s, he produced more than 100 covers for us; they provide vibrant images of Canadian life in that era.

Arbuckle's paintings are now found among the country's most important art galleries and private collections (as well as within our editorial office). You can find examples of his work in this issue, starting on page 48. Thank our tribute to Arbuckle, who died July 29 in Toronto at age 92. By the time of his passing, he had produced so many drawings, murals, aspenises and paintings that even family members lost count. He painted everywhere from Vancouver Island to Cape Breton, and everything from war veterans to window sitters at sea to small children at play, while his passion for Canada shone through it all. Arbuckle's younger daughter, Candace Shaw, recalls how steps were always accompanied by his recounting of the history of their destinations. He was a devoted hockey fan, whose related covers, such as one of Foster Hewitt in the gondola at Maple Leaf Gardens (insert), are among his most beloved.

Arbuckle was prolific, but the magazine's then-semi-monthly deadlines posed a tough challenge for such a precise artist. Candace Shaw remembers how many times once her mother was sent to outmaneuver managers from Maclean's, warning, unapologetically to the printer with the printing that her father was still finish-

ing. Family and friends often popped up in his work—if they were willing to sit for long periods. One cover depicts a girl in an attic atop a stack of magazines, reading *Maclean's*. The girl was Candace's sister Robin; the attic was in the home of the parents of John Cleghorn, the co-CEO of the Royal Bank.

Arbuckle liked to help young talent. One of his students at the Ontario College of Art & Design was Eric Legge, now Michael's assistant art director. He remembers Arbuckle's impatience with students who handed in "side-looking-or-brushed projects, trained and trained under artists." Arbuckle would prominently note that "we could do just as well with paper and pencil"—ensuring that no amount of fancy technique could hide a lack of talent. Arbuckle never had to worry about that himself.

A nod to the future as well as the past, we've recently opened our pages more to new and different voices. Our cover package on Newfoundland's ghost outpost this week features an essay by Michael Cooney, one of Canada's most promising literary talents. Now living in St. John's, Cooney grew up in Buchans, Nfld., and Wabush, Labrador. After three books of poetry and one of short stories, a novel, *River Thence*, will be published next month by Doubleday Canada.

Andy Vukobratovic
response@maclean.ca to comment on From the Editor



NEWSROOM NOTES

The UFO file

The germ of this week's *Life story* on unidentified flying objects was planted in 1998, when Susan McClelland was living in Miami. There, a friend in the U.S. military told her stories about some weird encounters he'd had—and how Canada was a hotbed of UFO activity. At first, McClelland was dubious. But he'd been a reliable source on other news, and she was inclined to at least keep an open mind. If he believed, there

were do believe many others.

This spring, McClelland, now a *Maclean's* associate editor, was awarded of the details of that earlier conversation when some letters from the magazine's readers breached the topic of UFOs. She opted to tackle the issue—and broke the ridicule of the hard skeptics. "The letters weren't from members of doomsday cults, but from average Canadians worried about really bizarre things they believed were happening to them," she says. "It was time to take a fresh look

at modern UFO culture."

What McClelland discovered was a number of respected scholars trying to take an unbiased approach to unexplained phenomena. But she also found herself on the receiving end of some of the same kind of heated attacks—and endless jokes about little green men—they had been subjected to. "Between the nuts and the naysayers, it was really hard to be objective and fair," she says. "Everyone wants you in their camp." Still, the truth is out there.



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Overture

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Edited by Shaada Doud with Amy Cameron



WATCH OUT— Edmonton wants your bison

The bison may grace Manitoba's provincial flag, but that hasn't stopped an Edmonton group from asking its claim to the mighty beast—part of a quest to give Alberta's capital an edgier image.

"Edmonton is known for what? Wayne Gretzky, the Oilers and West Edmonton Mall," scoffs *Mac* Dolphin, a reporter for *The Edmonton Journal* and chairman of the Buffalo Project. "Wayne is gone and what kind of a symbol for a city is a mall? The bison is a take-no-guff kind of animal. It's perfect." City businessmen recently released bison beer; bison pie (which Dolphin says are low in cholesterol) and buffalo patties. And the privately funded Buffalo Project has placed 32 bison along Edmonton's main highway and suggested setting up a pair of real bison on the highway as well—officials closed the gate on that idea. Still, Dolphin presses on, claiming he has the figures to prove Alberta has more bison than Manitoba. Last week, Edmonton Mayor Stelmach told *Maclean's* that while he likes the bison as a symbol, he'll refrain from tying state to it to avoid creating a rift with his provincialist Prairie neighbours. Come on, Edmonton, when's that take-no-guff attitude?

John Miller

Show us the merchandise	Year	Estimated earnings (U.S.)	What he can get for it
No doubt Toronto rapper Nine Carter probably has some ideas about how to spend the cash from his new day-and-night contract extension, which starts in 2002. Not just in case he's having trouble thinking what <i>Mac</i> is worth (U.S.) can buy we've done the math	2002-03	\$12 million	200-000 copies of his new album
	2003-04	\$13.8 million	1,000 (Carter's new album) double disc
	2004-05	\$15 million	\$1.5 million 100-000 copies of his new album
	2005-06	\$16.5 million	10,000-000 one-way cash ride on the TTC subway
	2006-07	\$18 million	13,000 specialty milk bottles
	2007-08	\$19.5 million	\$1.5 million of the most expensive Canadian dollar bills available at the Air Canada Centre

OVER AND UNDER ACHIEVERS

Nude defectors, please

Flyby Bob slashes the wrong target. The naked truth about network news. Kim Campbell after the flood.

✦ **Air Canada:** Heavy losses cause boss Robert Milton to chop 4,000 jobs and 10 per cent off his \$1-million pay. Look at *Wipeout*, Bob. Cut your ticket prices.

✦ **Code Red:** Hacker's fearful Internet worms prove an ineffectual slug. Et, what is an "Internet worm"?



✦ **Wirednews.com:** Successful Toronto Web site looks way down—to Los Angeles, that is—for fresh on-air talent to deliver the naked truth. Canadians don't have the goods? What a waste.

✦ **CEO:** Mother Corp. runs an ad campaign to create a hip, young identity. Two words, Peter Mumford: more skin. From the neck down, this time.

✦ **Kim Campbell:** En-PM, 54, and real-life Hershey Felder, 33, found love writing opera *Mac*. Ah. Could remnants of *HM's* *Playful* bring Tories and Alliance together?

✦ **Quebec language law:** They love it in Niger. More than 100 athletes claim refugee status, as Francophone Quebec sets record for number of defectors in Canada after an international sporting event.

✦ **Alkan Beale:** Helms off to Health Minister for courageous marijuana mine visit. Heavy-duty protective gear was standard for safe taking.

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LIFE IS A BOWL OF CHERRY PITS

Fire-banded onlookers watched intently as 25-year-old defending world champion Joe Leonard Jr. approached the spitting line. As the final competitor of the 28th Annual International Cherry Pit Spitting Championships, the Belle River, Ont., native faced a certain amount of pressure. With the crowd whipped into a frenzy of anticipation, Leonard thrust his body in a violent, but calculated manner—and out of his mouth flew a cherry pit that landed 13.5 m away. Sadly, that hot pit landed in sixth place. And the championship

title went to Rick Kruse of Sedro, Ariz., whose pit dropped at 20.7 m.

About 200 competitors—travelling from as far as Switzerland—took part in the weekend event he'd lost much in Cui Chao, Miao. At the spiffest, rules are closely monitored. A competitor's height determines how far back one must stand from the spitting line, and each cherry has to be de-stemmed and released in 40 seconds. No running starts. Three splits allowed—the best



Joe Leonard Jr. (left) is the reigning image of his father, Joe Sr.

one counts. "The size of the pit and the wind affect how far you can spit," says Leonard, who set the Canadian record with a 21.6-m launch last year. "I just try to clean the pit, seal my tongue around it and lean as far back as I can." Leonard came by this technique naturally. His 55-year-old father and spitting mentor, Joe Sr., placed fourth at this year's event. Combined, the father-son duo has won five of the last 15 world championships. Says the younger Leonard: "He's taught me everything I know about spitting."

John Iatiri

FOR YOUR READING AND LISTENING PLEASURE

RICK MERRILL
actor and gay leader in Canada, former co host, *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*



Recently I read *The Other Side of the Coin* by Robert Seidman—a Canadian living in Los Angeles. The novel takes the form of a journal written by a 19-year-old as a lively satire with his mom and dad. Mom is a

social economic disaster by comparing oil and pig markets belonging to Russia. It is rather detailed, but I love the politics and social satire.

"My listening tastes constantly evolve. I love CBC Radio, and am especially intrigued by it at the same time. I observed it has too much editorial bias towards the left and sometimes change the channel (but not at all) always go back."

CHRISTOPHER O'NEILL
Canadian photo-journalist, author, adventurer



"I'm constantly reading *The Garden of Eden* and *The First Light* by David Shields. No one really knows I have read *Shogun*, by a writer from Montecore named David Shields. Hurrelbrink and his style was deeply influenced by that book."

"I've been listening to *Der Rosenkavalier*—highlighted by Richard Strauss, performed by the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Herbert von Karajan. It is very moving and quite sophisticated. The more you know about Strauss, the more you'll get out of this opera."

PHIL BIRNBAUM
Pittsburgh, Pa. radio host



I am reading *The Door* by the (Dragon) a story of interdimensional political intrigue by Tom Clancy. It takes the reader into Beijing, Moscow and the White House on China attempts to

metagendered (identifying as neither male, female nor androgynous but with all genders) spiritualized pagan theologian, will speak about what can be drawn from traditional theology that is appropriate for bisexuality.

"It is cool to be in high school!"

A teenage girl, with a history of dating boys, kisses another girl at a party. The question is whether she truly considers herself bisexual or whether this is just a popular way of attracting boys. Two youth workers in Vancouver will address this trend and its implications in Canadian high schools.

"The story of a reconciliation ceremony." A presentation on the 10-year relationship between a bisexual male Jewologist and a bisexual male recovering Catholic and a straight woman.

Omni, pan, meta or bi?



Can't choose between *Omni*, *Dick* or *Harry*? How about *Dick or Jane*? No worries. Whether you are homosexual, bisexual or just plain old bisexual, from Aug. 9 to 12 the first North American Conference on Bisexuality, Gender and Sexual Diversity will descend on Vancouver. Here are some of the workshops:

"The construction of 'lesbian theology'." Philip A. Bernstein-Hesse, an American bisexual polyamorous (open relationships with more than one partner) male

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Books and blue jeans

I learned something extraordinary this year. I love being at home.

You see, last year I went through one of those life-changing moments I was downsized out of a job and I was suddenly "working at home." For 70 years, I'll bet the co-hosts of *Mel* day on CBC TV, and it was a dream job. So it was a real blow when we were all marched into the "lather room" (I'm serious, that's what they call the bathroom when those things are done) and were told the show was gone. We were all in shock for a while, which was followed by a lot of "lather washes" about "new opportunities" and "flexible challenges."

I was extremely lucky. I found another wonderful job in television as host of *Deprive* on TVOntario. For *Deprive*, a weekly program about books, I only go into the studio to interview writers and critics. Mostly I spend long, long hours reading at home. That's the part that worried me. How would I handle the transition from office girl with an agenda—downsized every day in high heels and makeup—to a jeans-and-T-shirt stay-at-home mom with as much to write in my calendar as my daughter's field trips and play dates?

I was sure I would go into wild denial. I'm a woman who likes to take—all night. I'm a mooch-mouth—and within my four walls and my garden, who would recognize what a witty, verbal creature I once was? But a funny thing happened on the way to the family room—I discovered I loved being home alone. Everything about it appeals to me. I get to have breakfast at my own kitchen table. Instead of a bagel and coffee at the office, I now have time for blueberries and cereal, even the occasional poached egg. I like the early-morning bustle of getting my seven-year-old daughter ready for school. I love hanging around late in the morning, flipping in and out of papers and reading books.

I'm amazed at how quickly my non-matinee has become dear to me. Within a month, I was tapping into a rhythm I didn't know was there before. I found out what time the mail-run comes, I know which rooms go to Starbucks after school drop-off (the cool ones) and which go to the Second Cup (and all the others who can't bring themselves to say the words "grande latte" out loud). I see the crossing guards come out

at 11:45 a.m. for their lunch duty and again at 3:15 p.m. for the safe-crash phone. I see the city work crews turn their business—replanting potholes or laying sidewalks and miles of fibre-optic cable—and I can pretty much figure out my window of opportunity if I'm late getting the garbage out. And I've never been so in tune with the seasons. I used to zip downtown, scarcely looking at the scenery. Now, I know which trees are first to come into leaf and how long that gorgeous lilac a few doors down will last.

But one of my greatest delights has been in my domestic "chores." Let me confess at once that I have a wonderful cleaning lady. I'm not talking about the hard labour of cleaning toilet bowls and washing floors. But I've discovered an almost sensual pleasure in doing laundry, in dusting up the morning dithers—the day still so young, so full of promise—and in making beds. Who knew how much fun Loblaws could be in the off-hours. I've never been a fabulous cook but I've become more adventurous. I even broke down and bought a hideously expensive set of pots and pans—the very first matched set I've ever owned and I'm 48 years old!

I've also been able to take on projects I never would have dreamed of in my Monday-to-Friday life. I'm teaching Sunday school at my church. I helped prepare our Grade 2s, including my own daughter, for First Communion this spring, and when the big day came, I felt as blessed as the little ones who so proudly strode up the aisle. And I get to do things just for me. I go to the gym. I took golf lessons. I just might take up tennis. Can Koolhaas be far off?

So what's the downside? Well, I don't make as much money as I used to. I've forgotten how to walk in high heels. I went to a cocktail party the other day and practically had to be rescued at home, my five-hour sojourn. And so be it! I'm honest, school assemblies organized by five- and six-year-olds are not the most exhilarating form of entertainment. When you add up the columns, though, the places and the moments, it's pretty clear which side won. Take my cellphone, please. I'll take the blue jeans.

Tina Srebotnjak, of Deprive, is based in books.



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Overture

PASSAGES

Celebrated: Despite a serious illness, the Queen Mother kept with tradition and stepped out of her London residence, Clarence House, to guest with-women on her 101st birthday last week, the royal was admitted to hospital to undergo a blood transfusion for anemia. Aides acknowledged that the widow of King George VI was adversely affected by the high summer temperatures in London, but added that there was no cause for alarm. The Queen Mother has remained remarkably healthy, though she has had two hip replacements and broke her collarbone in a fall last November.



Died: Gaylord Povilis was called "the Magnificent Mohawk." The lacrosse star from the Six Nations Grand River Territory scored 376 goals and had 626 assists for an even 1,000 points in junior and amateur competition during his career. A member of both the Canadian and Ontario lacrosse halls of fame, Povilis, 56, had a long love affair with cancer. He died at his home outside of Peterborough, Ont.

Died: On the best day of the year in Montreal, Minn., the best undercard match 43 C—Villages offensive tackle Ronny Springer collapsed of a severe heart stroke at a training camp. Springer had been working out in full pads on the field and had worked at least three times during practice. The 27-year-old, 335-lb lineman arrived at the hospital unconscious and with a temperature of over 42 C. Springer's father of a three-year-old boy, suffered from multi-organ system failure and never regained consciousness.

Inducted: Former Buffalo Bills coach Marv Levy led his team into the Super Bowl for four straight years, earning a place in sports history at the first NFL squad to do so. Though the Bills lost all four championship games, the 76-year-old from Chicago—who coached the

Montreal Alouettes from 1973 to 1977—was inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. With 154 career wins—123 with the Bills and 31 with the Kansas City Chiefs—Levy ranks 10th in the league.

Died: Joseph-Philippe Gault ran a shoe store in Winnipeg before being swept into Ottawa as a backbench MP in the midst of the 1968 Trudeau campaign. Known for his unwavering loyalty to both the Liberal party and Manitoba, Gault served as chief government whip from 1975 to 1977. He was also a minister without a portfolio, minister of state for multiculturalism and minister of national revenue. Pierre Elliott Trudeau appointed Gault to the Senate in 1978 where he remained until retiring in 1990. Gault, 85, died in Winnipeg.

Wrote: Stratford Festival alumna Christopher Penner, 74, will return to Ottawa and play King Lear in a 2002 festival production celebrating its 50th season. The Toronto-born actor first appeared in Stratford as Henry V in 1956, and his most recent role was in 1996 as John Barrymore in *Barrymore*. "Stratford was a part of my professional youth and has remained a part of my heart," he said.

Fired: Almost three years after being hired by *SaudiStar News*, national affairs columnist Lawrence Martin was laid off in what the newspaper chain said was an effort to cut costs. But when suggested the 53-year-old journalist argued *National Post* publisher and Liberal supporter Ray Aupper when he criticized federal government policies and Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's Showenring interests. Martin, author of the biography *Clash: The US & Wto*, plans to write a second volume on the Prime Minister that will be published in 2003.

Ran: Former Cdn. correction and community activist Greg Malone, 52, has entered the St. John's, Nfld., mayoral race, running against incumbent Mayor Andy Wells in the Sept. 25 election. Last year, Malone lost a federal by-election to the NDP candidate in St. John's West by only 356 votes.

INTERNET GUIDE

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"LIKE... WOW... MAN"

Wearing blue overalls and a minor's helmet, Health Minister Allan Rock travelled deep underground into an old copper mine in Pitkin, Me., to tour Canada's only fungi pot-growing operations. Hundreds of plants—nicknamed the "Rock Garden"—are growing in a large chamber beneath powerful bulbs. Under a new policy, patients with serious diseases will be able to use the emergence as a parallel. Said Rock, on his official opening the facility: "We have good growth. I'm impressed."



Still locked up

One of the most notorious pedophiles in Canadian history was transferred to a secure Saskatchewan psychiatric facility in Saskatoon after being released from jail. Karl Toft, who was convicted of sexually abusing 13 boys while he was a guard at New Brunswick's Kingston Youth Training School near Fredericton, was sentenced to 15 years in 1992. He was expected to be set free when released from the Bowden Institution in Alberta after serving two-thirds of a 15-year sentence, but after a last-minute review Correction Canada decided to detain Toft indefinitely in the psychiatric facility.

Sex-club owner guilty

Seong Kaplan, owner of Toronto's infamous Goliath Club, pleaded guilty to racketeering charges in a high-profile, 14-week trial. Kaplan, who cheated customers and paid dancers to have sex with

celebrities and pro athletes, was fined \$5 million and faces up to three years in prison. Kaplan and six others, who have all been sentenced, were also charged with obstruction, credit-card fraud, loan-sharking and prostitution.

Turbulence in the air

Air Canada reported a second-quarter financial loss of \$108 million, or 90 cents a share, on revenues of \$2.2 billion.

That's almost double the 48-cents-a-share loss predicted by analysts. At the same time, the Montreal-based carrier announced that it plans to cut another 4,000 jobs, or 10 per cent of its workforce. That follows on the heels of a cut of 5,500 announced at the end of last year. Airline CEO Robert Milton, who will reduce his own \$1-million annual salary by 10 per cent, blamed the North

American economic slowdown and the slump in business travel revenues for the disappointing results.

Giant ad agency

The federal government plans to merge its advertising arm into one giant marketing operation with an annual budget topping \$100 million. The Canada Information Office, which was set up after the 1995 Quebec referendum debate to promote federal programs across the country, will also take charge of the government's controversial \$40-million program sponsoring cultural and sporting events. Among other things, it plans to deliver information through a central Web site.

Health-care showdown

After Ottawa denied their demands for a \$7-billion increase in health-care funding, the country's 13 provincial and territorial leaders threatened to radically alter the delivery of medical services across the country by creating their own national standards. Led by Ontario Premier Mike Harris, the premiers said they desperately need the extra money to repair their faltering services. But federal Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Stéphane Dion said the provinces should stop cutting costs and put more of their own money into health care.

Arafat visits the Pope

Israeli soldiers smashed into the headquarters of the militant Hamas movement in Nablus, killing eight Palestinians, including two children. As international criticism of the attack spread, Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat travelled to Rome where he met with Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi and Pope John Paul II. While Arafat and the

Pope called for an end to the violence, Israeli officials said it is up to Arafat to control his forces. They also said the Israeli army would continue to target suspected Palestinian terrorists.

Converged journalists

In a decision affecting Canadian media giants, the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission ruled this past month that the company's respective print and broadcast operations. CanWest has a majority stake in the Southern newspaper chain, half of the National Post and a network of TV stations. CTV is a subsidiary of the Bell Globe-media group, which includes The Globe and Mail. Reporters are now pressured to share information and work

for any medium within their company. But the CRTC ruled that the management of print and television groups must remain separate.



Bullet on the highway

Rage and the wheel

A passenger in an SUV was hospitalized after the was shot by another driver on a busy Toronto street. The driver of the SUV and the car had cut each other off, and when

they reached a stoplight, the driver of the car opened fire hitting 46-year-old Laura Laparra in the leg. Police are still looking for the suspect. In other hours of road rage in Toronto, a Texas man was beaten on the side of a highway on July 28, after a driver was chased with a baseball bat near a downtown intersection a day earlier.

Return of the spuds

After a noisy nine-month dispute, the Canadian Food Inspection Agency and the U.S. department of agriculture reached an agreement that will allow potatoes from Prince Edward Island to cross the border. The deal requires Ottawa to reinspect and declare fields and shipments to be free of the potato wart fungus before the spuds are shipped to American markets.

GUNS OF BELFAST

The Protestant minorities who gunned down 18-year-old Gavin first outside a Belfast club on July 29 thought they were murdering a Catholic. It turned out he was a Protestant, but the killers refused to apologize. And in a statement of their own, nearly 1,000 people of both faiths gathered at



Michael Best buying his son

his funeral. As they did, British and Irish negotiators unveiled a new plan they hope will finally bring peace by convincing the Irish Republican Army to disarm.

Under the terms of the 1998 Good Friday Peace Agreement, Northern Ireland was placed under a joint British-Irish-Protestant administration. The IRA was to disarm, but so far has refused to do so. And less than 48 hours after the proposals were unveiled, a bomb believed to have been planted by an IRA splinter group exploded in London, signalling that militants may refuse to lay the arms. Both sides had until Aug. 6 to respond to the initiative, but which Britain gave into key IRA demands. Among them: closing specific army bases; allowing its plans to bring more Catholics into Northern Ireland's largely Protestant police force; and offering amnesties for IRA terrorists in hiding.



The general loses the verdict; and uncovered from mass graves (right)



'KRSTIC, YOU AGREED TO EVIL'

The six old Muslim women watching television in an office on the outskirts of Sarajevo finally saw the face of their captor. One spot at the screen, another screamed "Deep Dead" at hated Bosnian Serb Gen. Radislav Krstic. Then they saw justice done. "Gen. Krstic, you agreed to evil," said Judge Andrea Rodriguez as he found Krstic guilty of genocide and sentenced him to 46 years in prison for his role in the massacre of nearly 5,000 Muslim boys and men in Srebrenica in 1995, during the Bosnian war. His conviction before the UN war crimes tribunal in The Hague marked the first time since the Second World

War, when several Nazis were executed for their role in the murder of six million European Jews, that anyone has been convicted of the crime. The killings occurred when the Serbs overran a UN-protected enclave in eastern Bosnia. The men and boys were captured, herded together and murdered by soldiers using grenades and machine guns. The court rejected Krstic's defence that the killings did not amount to genocide because females were allowed to go free. Analysts say Krstic's conviction is an ominous sign for Slobodan Milosevic, president of Bosnia-Herzegovina, who is awaiting trial at the Hague on charges of crimes against humanity over his role in the Kosovo conflict.

'ENVIROPIGS'

Using genetically engineered pigs, researchers from the University of Guelph have discovered a way to drastically reduce the amount of phosphorus in pig manure. Scientists at the University of Guelph unveiled an



enviropig that excretes 75 per cent less phosphorus than normal pigs. Phosphorus, which causes plant growth in water, is a major source of pollution, and researchers believe the new pigs will soon be raised around the world. Sadly despite the reduction in phosphorus, the pigs' manure smells just as bad as always.



Barbara Amiel

Hitting below the belt

I had to happen. After the tributes to Mordecai were read, the snakes coiled up. In *The Globe and Mail* we had the last from the viper's den of Canada's mainstream left-wing media. Time to get back to avastooking Quebec's asinine language laws and policies so meticulously attacked by Rächler. *Globe* commentator Ray Conlogue trotted the view that Rächler, in his journalism and books, was a "bribe" towards French-Canadians, depicting them as "other go-go lawyers grinding their crochets on a dirty stage or insubstantial juryduty worlds."

In the *National Post*, media columnist John Fraser managed to take his art of kissing the powers he bites so new and stunning heights in a piece that strangled all in one column to praise Rächler while poisoning out he was also "an outstanding journalist back... in the most possible way." However, the definition of "back" is someone who don't do and amongst work simply for money, not someone who does assigned articles he believes in for a jolly good fit. In the same column, for good measure, Fraser threw in an apology to the editor of this magazine for "having had it in for Wilton-Senik" previously. Then for as deflated a cover-page-behind person as Fraser, this was strange stuff.

One of the great and distinguishing qualities of Mordecai was that he was incorruptible. It was not just that his approval could not be purchased by money or favour, but he could not be corrupted by fashion or, even harder, by friendship. A lot of the Canadian intelligentsia can say No to a direct bribe, but would find it almost impossible to give their mac opinion publicly if it would hurt a friend—or make an important enemy.

Canadian culture lives inside a parasite. In one sense that is a country with a small population and a relatively small literary and arts community. Our writers tend to live in a hothouse environment, socializing, inserting and backscratching together. I remember when Margaret Atwood published her much-acclaimed *Survival* in 1973. Her analysis of Canadian culture featured her friends to such an extent that author Genevieve Gibson (who became her husband) was mentioned 16 times while Robertson Davis was not mentioned once.

Still, one sympathizes with Canadians because in another sense they are part of an enormous cultural group—the English-speaking people. That makes Canadian writers and cultural figures minor life-size featherweight beetles being forced into boxes at the heavyweight level. Using this metaphor, Canada has done pretty well; we have turned out more than our share of international writers per pound such as Atwood herself, even if some of them are one-book writers or, like Michael Ondaatje, are made by a movie.

Mordecai left Canada for England physically but—and this was important—he never left it as a writer. His themes were firmly rooted in St. Urbain Street and he did the very opposite of what huck writers do, namely, stay in their comfortable hothouse where they know everybody, but their "topics" are often "international." What set him apart, other than talent, was that he suffered, like all great writers, from a conscious care of accuracy. He looked at people, groups, social phenomena and ideas and he couldn't help describing them as they are. He couldn't use some slippery phrase like "culture-enhancing" to make Quebec's language laws sound non-repressive.

One of my favourite books by Rächler is his 1963 *The Incomparable Atak* (worth reading, too, for the excellent afterword by Peter Gzowski). This hilarious satire takes the mucky out of Canada's postmodernists as well as the dawdling of the New Age of Multiculturalism. Could it be published today? Could *Atak* be described as "a cheeky little primitive... with a certain Presbyterian stiffness" unusual of a noble lion? Could "a tall muscular Negro" be the window cleaner and stand for bored Toronto housewives? How many Human Rights Commissioners would be convinced to end-pencil the manuscript? Just being able to pose those questions with a straight face shows in how much our freedom—and sense of humor—have been diminished.

Rächler was not, pace Ray Conlogue, anti-French any more than he was anti-Semitic, though even some Jews have called him that. To call Mordecai anti-Semitic is to posit the impossible. Eliminate the impossible, as Sherlock Holmes would say, and whatever remains, however impossible, must be the truth. What remains in this case are that there are groups of people in Canada for whom any accurate description against the views they champion is anathema and the person who writes such a description must be anti-this or anti-that or a racist. For these people the real enemy is accuracy.

Rächler was not anti anything except, as Gzowski says in his essay, "anti-filly." To top it off, Mordecai took the advice George Bernard Shaw put in Professor Higgins' mouth: that a gentleman is not someone who has good manners but someone who has the same manners with everyone. Mordecai called it topley. Nobel Prize winners, writers or endermen in comedy the same manner. His attitude had nothing to do with class or power or some other agenda. Show me the writer in Canada that shares all those qualities plus Mordecai's shortening talent and we'll survive the party little weddings now left behind, spurring in the face of the noxious and ideas of the man who, to borrow his own phrase from *The Incomparable Atak*, was The Noblest Canadian of them All.



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Wake up, Winnipeg

By BRIAN BERGMAN in Winnipeg

It's a hot and muggy Sunday night in mid-July and the pride of Newfoundland, Great Big Sea, is in full roar. An estimated 100,000 people have taken over one of Canada's most famous intersections, Portage and Main, and filled the street for several blocks back from the concert stage. This is the final event of a five, three-day downtown festival organized by the City of Winnipeg, and the crowd is pumped in the way that the fab four from St. John's are famous for. Teenagers, parents and serious alike are clapping their hands over their heads, thrusting their fans into the air and singing along with the band's infectious lyrics.

*Will come gather all around me,
down in something you should know:
There is no place quite like this place
if you get it in the groove.*

This is downtown Winnipeg as the city's mayor, Glen Murray, would like to see it. Hip. Happening. Happy. In fact, the weekend festival, dubbed Get Together Downtown, is part of a much larger effort to revitalize Winnipeg's flagging civic core by, among other things, turning abandoned historic buildings into upscale restaurants, nightclubs and condominiums, convincing niche and high-tech businesses to relocate from suburbs, and generally encouraging more people to live and play in the heart of the city. "That's what the street festival was all about," says Murray. "We wanted to get people outside to really see the downtown and have a relationship with it."

Murray is a 45-year-old Montreal native who came to Winnipeg in 1985—and never looked back. He is a born-again Winnipegger who speaks with the zeal of the converted (he is also openly gay, though practically no one in Winnipeg, friend or foe, bothers to mention that anymore). Since being elected to city council in 1988, and especially since becoming mayor almost three years ago, Murray has made downtown revitalization a personal crusade. That effort has been embraced by the city's business and media elites, including the *Winnipeg Free Press* and the high-profile Asper family (owners of CanWest Global Communications Corp.). But it's also generated controversy, mostly revolving around plans to demolish the 96-year-old Esplanade building on Portage Avenue—once the largest retail center in Western Canada—to make room for a sparkling-new \$125-million sports and entertainment complex (page 20).

That Winnipeg is long overdue for an urban face lift is some-



Reviving of how it could be, tired of only 'pigeons for tenants,' Murray is on a personal crusade to convince more people to live and play in the city's center

Proponents hope an urban face-lift and new jobs will change the downtown core from dowdy to hip and happening

thing few dispute. A century ago, it was the third-largest city in Canada (now the eighth), a commercial, agricultural and railway hub that city fathers touted as "Chicago of the North." But the Depression years took a heavy toll, and the waning of the grain industry and Winnipeg's manufacturing base led to inevitable decline. Over the past quarter-century, the city's downtown has been hit by another kind of blight, as businesses, retailers and residents fled to the suburbs. The result was a dowdy—and at times downright ugly—civic core flustered by a series of abandoned historic buildings, many of which ended up, through tax arrears, in city hands. "We became the biggest landlords of empty space," says a rueful Murray. "We had pigeons for tenants."

What Winnipeg has been blessed with from its last great boom is an abundance of spectacular late-19th-century and early-20th-century architecture. But many of these buildings have fallen into





Labak was among the first to dip a toe in the Exchange District

chapman, New private developers, egged on by tax breaks, government grants and other incentives, are taking a crack at re-adapting old spaces for new uses. Two years ago, the city established CentreVenture, an arm's-length, not-for-profit organization aimed at fostering new investment in Winnipeg's downtown. Among other things, CentreVenture offers heritage tax credits up to \$250,000 to developers who restore historic buildings. It also provides capital building grants up to \$50,000 and has first option on all of the city's surplus downtown properties—many of which it sells, using the revenues to bring other projects onstream.

Annexa Starnung, president and chief executive officer of CentreVenture, says her organization is getting buildings and businesses back on to the city's tax rolls, and at relatively little expense.

"Our experience is that for every \$1 the public sector invests in tax credits, there is at least an \$8 private investment," she says. Among the success stories Starnung counts the Paris Building, a magnificent 11-story structure that was built on Portage Avenue in 1915, but recently sat vacant for five years before a Texas-based developer agreed to invest \$4 million converting it into modern office and commercial space. Similarly, says Starnung, CentreVenture provided crucial gap financing to a local developer who is turning long-abandoned buildings in the city's former warehouse district just west of Main Street into condominium units.

CentreVenture is also active in lobbying various levels of government to invest in Winnipeg's downtown. Municipal and provincial support convinced suburban Red River College to locate a campus extension in the city's central Exchange District. The \$32-million campus, to open over the next two years, will bring more than 2,000 students and 200 staff into the civic core and may spark a much-needed housing boom (currently about 68,000 people live in downtown Winnipeg, but only 14,000 live there). The city is looking to build a new \$9-million waterfront road just east of downtown, starting near the city's founding site, the Forks, where the Red and Assiniboine rivers meet, as well as a \$15-million pedestrian bridge connecting the Forks to St. Boniface, Winnipeg's French Quarter and the birthplace of Louis Riel.

Even before the loss, public-sector drive to revitalize downtown Winnipeg, individual entrepreneurs were making their small. Louis Labak is managing partner in the family-owned Mariage's Theme Suite Hotel, which opened in the heart of the Exchange District 10 years ago. Labak's father, Don, bought the building, which had been a luxury hotel in the early 1990s, but had long since declined into low-end apartments and commercial space. An expensive renovation resulted in seven theme rooms (with

seven more on the way), including the 270-square-metre, \$550-a-night Jokers Tropical Penthouse, which features a baby grand piano, pool table and bar—and is where CarWin Global founder key Ager celebrated his 65th birthday. "When we first opened, the area was in really bad shape," says Labak. "When we were surrounded by prostitutes working the streets. It was a real no man's land. But we believed in the future, that if you build it, it will come."

Verna Judge is another downtown pioneer. Along with her partner, Alan Shepard, Judge opened a Christmas novelty store in the Exchange District four years ago. In the same building was a run-down coffee shop that owed money to banks. It wasn't long before Judge and Shepard received phone calls threatening that the building would be burned down. They subsequently took over the coffee shop and turned it into Sips 'n' Oats, an upscale restaurant. "When we first came here, people were so freaked out about safety," says Judge in just minute plays quietly in the background. "But now, the neighbourhood is very safe."

S&L, once business agent that a crucial element in attracting new people and businesses to relocate to Winnipeg, where the population has remained static at about 660,000 since the early 1990s. In this regard, recent moves by CarWin Global, which owns

Seaton News and a 50-per-cent stake in the *National Post*, are considered encouraging. Since June, CarWin Global chief executive officer Leonard Ager has unveiled plans to bring 700 new jobs to the city's downtown, including a call centre to consolidate the circulation and advertising operations of some of the company's core western city newspapers, as well as a new digital broadcast centre. CarWin is still looking at relocating a further 500 administrative and management staff from other parts of Canada.

In an interview in his 33rd-floor office, Ager told *Maclean's* that "the general philosophy is if something can be in Winnipeg, it should be in Winnipeg. That's where we live, so like it here as if we like doing business from here." As for the decision to locate the new centre centrally rather than in, say, an industrial park, Ager explains that "we had a bus to house commuters and in part of the overall plan that's going on to make it work downtown." Ager notes that often back to the city's successful staging of the Pan-American Games two summers ago. "The sidewalks were all crowded," he recalls. "It was almost like New York City, and we all said, 'This is the way it should be.'"

Ager fully expects some of his employees to miss growing, but says many others will jump at the chance. "With Winnipeg," he says, "it's very difficult to get people to move here—and it is impossible to make them leave." Certainly, the city's luscious major fields into this category. During a lengthy walking tour of Winnipeg's downtown, Murray's passion for his adopted city is palpable. The mayor says he likes nothing better than spending an afternoon bawling through the city's historic streets, grabbing dinner at a trendy Exchange District eatery and then stepping downtown for a play or the ballet. In this way, Murray may be the perfect person to lay out an ongoing urban ethic. Winnipeg the hip. Got used to it. ■



Lauzon was one of just three councillors who opposed saving the Fenwick building

matters, recommended saving the building. "The proponents are in a minority," says Bill Hewitt, a University of Manitoba political scientist who resigned last month as chairman of the Manitoba Heritage Council to protest the proposed demolition. "I think they know that, given time, other alternatives will come up for saving the building."

Supporters of the Free North Project maintain there are no other viable uses for the

Edson's store. For one thing, the building is so large it would be difficult to find enough smaller tenants to fill it. They also contend that the scheduled work-ethic flooring throughout the building would be prohibitively expensive to bring up to code. Moreover, the Edson's site is listed as ideal for the 15,000-seat sports arena (plus up to 17,000 seats for overflow) that is projected to bring people into the civic core for 130 event nights each

year, including home games of the Manitoba Moose of the American Hockey League. Winnipeg native Mark Drifman, owner of the Manitoba Moose and one of the key investors in the Free North Project, says he was willing to donate as the city's downtown stagnated in recent years. "No single building is a panacea for revitalization," he says, "but this one can clearly be part of the solution."

These views are echoed by Winnipeg's mayor. Critics accuse Murray, who traditionally has been a strong advocate of preserving heritage buildings, of betraying the cause when it comes to Edson's. He remains unapologetic. "Darla Henley," says Murray, "has lived better architecture downtown, and we don't have the resources to save everything." The Edson's building is expected to fall within a category of wrecks. B.B.

Urban renewal or landmark desecration?

Opened in 1965, the Edson's store on Winnipeg's Portage Avenue was a monument to the prosperity of the era. Winnipeg was then a bustling city of 75,000, and the commercial and transportation hub for Western Canada. The red brick Edson's building, which today goes by enterprise giant story, 21 stores of land and more than 600,000 square feet of retail space, provided employment to 8,000 people. Through its on-site and off-site operations, Winnipeg's Edson's was, for a time, the most important and powerful retail outlet west of Toronto.

But the good times did not last, either for the city or the store. For the past two years, the Edson's building has sat vacant, with few

taken in sight. Now, a consortium of local investors intends to demolish the structure and replace it with a \$125-million sports arena and entertainment complex featuring, among other things, an outdoor film optics display that simulates the effect of the northern lights. The consortium, the Free North Project, envisions the building of the city's business and media, and to maintain \$30.5 million in capital funding—and much more in the form of tax breaks—from various levels of government. Supporters see the new complex as crucial in revitalizing Winnipeg's downtown. Critics, on the other hand—some of whom have fought what so far has been a losing court battle against the project—are asking why a land-

mark building must die in the name of urban renewal. "You don't destroy something that has been in the hearts of Western Canada," says Barry Lauzon, one of just three city councillors opposed to demolition. "We're making a very big mistake."

The criticism also upset at the speed with which the Free North Project has been approved. The consortium first unveiled its proposal at a news conference on May 14, with a beaming Mayor Glen Murray and Premier Gary Doer in attendance. Nine days later city council approved the project as privileged. A second council vote in June 2001 confirmed the decision to demolish the Fenwick building. The votes went down over though both the city's historical buildings committee and the Manitoba Heritage Council, an arm's-length agency that advises the province on heritage

'A Time and Place Apart'

COVER

By MICHAEL CRUMMEY in St. John's

About an hour outside of St. John's, Roaches Line frays off the Trans-Canada, connecting to a small two-lane highway along the north coast of Conception Bay that ravels through tiny outport communities built on granite headlands or set alongside fields of scrub trees and barrens and marsh: Spaniard's Bay, Blackhead, Broad Cove,

Burns Point, Caplin Cove. Loose knots of clapboard-sided churches and convenience stores and wharves, a mix of the square, unfashionable houses built in the "old days" and splintered bungalows looking like shacks from the suburbs, with stilted siding, attached garages, satellite dishes.

My father was born and raised in one of the old sidion houses, in Western Bay, a half-hour beyond Harbour Grace. By the time I began spending summer vacations there as a child, it was haunted by an oil tanker and equipped with indoor plumbing, but even then it felt ancient to me, and slightly alien. A daybed sat beside the stove in the kitchen, the windows above it tinted by age, the uneven thickness of the glass panes refracting trees and fences at odd angles. There was a floor pump organ in the parlour, darkly varnished with leather upstart. The tap water was supplied by a well my grandfather dug when he built the house, before he married my grandmother, and it tasted of clay and moss. The unique mallow grass our back yard nearby as high as my chest. The fish farms were long gone by then, but the outdoor still throb in the yard near a windowless greenhouse that was pedicled shut, the chain filthy with rust. Next door, Anne Crummeys' dairy cows, kept like a dozen animals, grew a winter's supply of root vegetables in the garden.

I was always touched by the strangeness of the place. Settled of cow shit and salt water. I knew the old house and the community itself as mine somehow, and at the same time, could feel the feeling that I didn't belong, that I was here more than a tourist there.

My father began fishing with my grandfather at the age of 9, spending five months of the year down on the Labrador after coal. He left school early in the spring and started late at the end of the season. He quit altogether after my grandfather died, taking over the family fishery at the age of 16. Two years later and \$200 in debt, he left Western Bay for a job at a mining operation in central Newfoundland. He intended to work there long enough to pay off the debt and go back to fishing, but stayed on.

in Buchart until the mine closed down 30 years later.

I don't know how difficult a decision that was for him, but I can imagine it was hard to be nostalgic about the life he left behind. Fishing was brutally physical work. Crews of four or five men in small open boats on the unpredictable North Atlantic, dipping hundreds of pounds of cod from the traps or hand-lifting in deep-water shoals, then splitting and salting the fish on the rugged, lower upon hour with the cutting knives, their wooden gloves soaked with salt water and blood. At the height of the season, when the cod were running strong, a crew slept only two or three hours a night. As a boy, my father sometimes passed out his cramped, swollen hands in the mornings, unable to make a fist without the hot salve of the urine to ease the pain.

Hearing him talk about those days, I recognize it as a time and place apart, a venue of a pre-industrial world that somehow survived well into the 20th century. "You would never have changed it," he once told me. Missing, I think, that it was a life people survived partly because they knew nothing different.

IN THE SHORT SPAN OF TIME SINCE MY FATHER MOVED inland to work (more or less since confederation with Canada), the world he grew up in has disappeared completely. I've spent my whole life watching him watch it go. I'm just now beginning to see how my sense of Newfoundland has been skewed by my insistence on looking back through this lens of decay and destruction, of conflicted regret. I recently moved home, to a small house above the harbour in downtown St. John's, after spending 15 years—most of my adult life—in Kingston, Ont. Needless to say, it's not what I expected.

"The Pub" is big business in Newfoundland these days. St. John's City of Legends is awash in tourist loach—"Newfie" stores selling Viking merchandise and plastic and wicker hats, from scratch-in-a-George-Secter bars, enough fiddle music to float the Titanic. People have to eat, I guess, and you give tourism what they want or they stop coming. But there's something about the whole undertaking that feels unholy and dishonest somehow. It suggests there's nothing in the place but good-ol'-time nostalgia,



What I've found most striking since returning is the now of what's happening here, the spark and range of the new. Original live theatre and readings, festivals of new dance, of independent film. A mass youth choir of singers from Newfoundland and 14 countries at this year's Festival 500 opening their performance with an Estonian folk song and closing with a new arrangement of Teller from Fortunate. Seventy-two-year-old blues journeyman Eddie Sklarland from Macon, Ga., playing an unheated show with three young St. John's musicians at a downtown bar, the local guys coming to each Kirkland's chest changes to give them, the crowd keeping their stage until 3:30 in the morning.

Lunch today at a coffee shop on Duxworth Street (sidion) and school chowder. On the face of it, I thought, waiting in the bowl doubtfully that could go either way. Instead of having seconds.

The Newfoundland I came home to is different from the one I carried with me when I was away. Not less itself, but more varied, more expensive. A culture deep enough to accommodate a world of influences without surrendering what makes it unmistakably of this place. Something alive and leaning towards the future.

His insistence on looking back, a writer realizes, has skewed his sense of Newfoundland

OTHER OUTPOSTS have disappeared, but ruins remain at Indian Burying Place on Notre Dame Bay, shown in 1998

Still, there will always be that ache of loss about Newfoundland for me, a sense of how part of what it was is gone, out of our lives for good. And that feeling, it most palpable when I drive along the north shore of Conception Bay where my father's people lived and fished for generations.

The sidion house in Western Bay is gone now. After my grandfather died in the 1970s, it was rarely occupied, and as the years passed the building required repairs and upkeep no one could justify paying for. Like a lot of the older houses around the bay, it was broken into several times and stripped of handmade furniture and oil lamps and other collectibles, anything that could be sold in upscale antique markets in Ontario or Quebec or one of the northern states. Dad and his brother and sister talked about it a long time before surrendering to the inevitable a couple of years ago. I didn't think to ask for something from the building when it was torn down—a spindle from the main rail, a window frame, a cupboard door—and that seems like a colossal oversight now.

The contractor who dismantled the house took the salvaged lumber as partial payment. He told the boards were sold and dry, as good as the day my grandfather put them up almost a century ago. ■

Michael Crummeys is a St. John's writer whose first novel, *Three Times*, will be published by Doubleday Canada in September.

Voices from the Outports

COVER

By JOEEN GUSHUE in St. John's

Fifty years ago, there were about 1,200 settlements in Newfoundland. Most were small villages where residents built their houses as close to fishing grounds as possible. Nearly half had fewer than 100 residents; eight in 10 had fewer than 500. Spread along nearly 10,000 km of coastline, they were remote and difficult for the government to provide with public services.

But Joey Smallwood had a vision: move people from the outports to several dozen so-called growth centres, such as Arncliffe Cove and Marytown. There, they could work in a modernized fishery or factories that the premier hoped industrialists would erect. Few, in fact, were ever built. Still, during the 1950s, 1960s and early 1970s, the federal and provincial governments paid more than 28,000 people varying amounts to move from the old settlements. Some left happily, but others left feeling they were pawns in a government game. To this day, debate continues about one of the most ambitious and controversial social-engineering experiments in Canadian history.

As for the resettled communities, a few—like St. Kyrill's and Inland's Eye—can still be found on contemporary maps, but rarely do roads or ferries lead to them. About 300 communities exist now only in memories. Alder trees and bushes have overgrown paths; wharves, fishing stages, houses and churches have vanished with scarcely a trace. But powerful emotions remain. Five Newfoundlanders recall the upheaval in their lives:



BEULAH GRUCHY, a retired elementary school teacher living in St. John's, grew up in Exploits, an island community in Notre Dame Bay on the northeast coast, shortly before it was resettled during the mid-1960s; she left to continue her education.

Last year, I slept overnight on the island for the first time in more than 30 years. For me, it was very lonely. For people who don't know the island, they love it, but for me, I kept meeting the ghosts of people I knew. It's the absence of these people that was overwhelming for me.

"When I was very small, there was no talk of resettlement, even though for years people had just been drifting away from the island for various reasons. With the Smallwood administration, the talk of resettlement grew. There was a slight element of fear for some people, especially for those in their 50s and 60s.

"You had people like my mother, who had never lived anywhere else, who really didn't want to go anywhere else, and couldn't visualize living anywhere else. They were independent, not owing a cent to anybody and had never heard of a mortgage. My father was difficult, he had lived in British Columbia for 20 years and wasn't opposed to going. For us, the younger people, we had to go. 'We couldn't get an education our gender 10 even before resettlement.

"Having said all that, there is something about a summer's day on that island. There was then, and there is now, a peace that you can't find anywhere else. There's no dust, the leaves are all shiny and bright. It's so quiet, the bedding is all you hear. It's just beautiful."



SINGER ANITA BEST, 55, was raised on Miramichi, an island community in Placentia Bay, on southern Newfoundland. Now living in St. John's, she collects traditional songs and folklore so they aren't lost to memory.

After school, we were outdoors constantly. The house was just the quiet shelter—it was just a place to go to bed and eat meals. The house didn't serve the same function that it does today. There was no central heating, so there was a woodstove, and all the entertainment was self-generated. The kitchen was where every-

thing went on, until you went to bed.

"Belief systems were completely different in those days. If you saw dead fellows—they were never called ghosts, they were called spirits or dead fellows, or by their names—it was generally a warning of some kind of bad weather approaching, so you would move your boat. I would hear people talk about them quite matter-of-factly. Some people might laugh, but in some of the communities, if there was a critical mass of believers, you wouldn't go out after night without some bread in your pocket in case you met the good people—aka, the fairies.

Post office at Inland's Eye on Trinity Bay, 1938.

FOR THE PAST FOUR SUMMERS, New York City photographer Scott Nadel has travelled throughout Newfoundland photographing the remnants of the province's resettled communities. Nadel's presents a selection of images from his show, *Unsettled*, which opens this week at the Art Gallery of Newfoundland and Labrador in St. John's.





or the little people. Those things were actually believed and practised. In my community, we never went out without bread in our pockets.

"As a girl harder to get teachers and priests, the nuns started flying around, and the priests started talking about it from the altar—your children would get a better education, and soon there won't be anyone here to bury your dead, and this was of old carry-on."

"People left for it, and why wouldn't they? Also, they were offered cash money, and in an economy where cash was so rare, a small amount of cash seemed like a lot. They weren't used to visiting their property in a market sense; they weren't used to valuing it at all."

"My father didn't want to have anything to do with modernism, so we moved before, to St. John's in 1960. My father found you would be told where you had to move. We never got any money and we kept our land. My mother never died, but she adapted. My father became very brave. I was like my mother. I adjusted pretty quickly, once I found out what you had to talk like and what you had to wear."

"Our heads were wrenched away from an appreciation of our own way of life, of what our ancestors built and had done. We were made to believe that it was all worth nothing. That was the worst of it—of being ashamed of being a Newfoundlander and of being from the outports. Our generation, we lost that pride."

Box: 'In my community, we never went out without bread in our pockets'



PAI BYRNE, 57, grew up in Great Paradise, a small fishing village in Placentia Bay. He is a professor of English and folklore at Memorial University in St. John's, and a writer.

"The only reason that anyone came here was for the fishing. We didn't care for the weather. It was a substance kind of existence—everybody did what they did because they didn't have any bloody choice. There was no indoor plumbing, no corner stores or anything like that. Nobody ever went to the doctor, because there was no doctor. But there was a sense of being your own skipper—a sense of self-determination. Looking back at it now, it sounds in some ways idyllic, and in some ways absolutely deplored. It's amazing to think it was only 50 years ago."

"You were pretty isolated. Your only contact then was the coastal boat, and a bit of radio—but it was censored radio, because all the radios were battery-operated with bloody big old dry cells, so the programming was censored. "Resistance was an inconstant oppression, because they suggested the three things that people really needed: the merchant, the priest or the minister, and the school. They did nothing to recruit teachers."

"My family left before the whole centralization thing started; most of the people were out by 1965. They all left behind more than they took. They left behind a whole way of life, everything they had been used to. There's nobody in Newfoundland who knows how to salt a fish. All those traditional skills are gone."



Byrne: 'They left behind a way of life'

"The community I grew up in is gone. The house I grew up in is gone. It's now just summer cabins and older houses. In some areas, we're working only now on ramblers, and that's it. And it's not bad, it's become the stuff of legend and poetry."

ARTHUR WICKS, 82, a retired fisherman, grew up in Port Fisher, Bonaville Bay, but now lives in Rugged's Quay.

"Ours was a very, very painful experience. The politicians would come around and give notice that the government was no longer in a position to keep up the secondary roads in these areas, and then the schools close so much, and the only salvation was for the people to move out."

"I held on for a few years. I was the last one to pull up stakes, and that was in 1956. They had all gone, apart from Uncle Baxter White, who lived there for six or seven years more. I helped other people move their houses to where they were going. Doing



Detail of the stone church at St. Kyran's on Placentia Bay, 1995. The steeple is all that remains of the church at Parson's Herbarium on the south coast, 2000 (top). After the priests and ministers left the old communities, it was harder for regular folks to stay on. Who would bury the dead?

Newfoundlanders left little behind in the old towns—just ghosts and memories



Indian Burying Place on Notre Dame Bay. Some left happily, others left feeling like pawns in a government game.



Wicks: "I was the last one to pull up stakes and that was in 1996."

that, it broke my heart. People would say they would want to stay, but then they would look at their children. These people who pulled up stakes, they're still finding the scars of that today, my son. To take someone, and put them in a welfare state in an inland town, well, it was like somebody had snuck a knife between their own shoulder blades."

For the 10 years after we moved, I would say that Mom cried every day'



Abandoned homes are sometimes stripped for the antiques market. But at least one house in Indian Burying Place kept its contents.

HEATHER WAREHAM, 46, a maritime architect at Memorial University in St. John's, was 5 when her Placentia Bay community of Spencer's Cove was resettled.

"I grew up in a house with six kids. We got up in the morning, had our breakfast and went out—and when I say went out, we went out in a boat, or did whatever we wanted to do. We might have spent as much of the day on the water as we did on the land, and that was perfectly acceptable then. It's so completely different from the way that kids are brought up in an urban area now. It was a total, absolute sense of freedom."

"The mail boat would come two or three times a week. The ferry, I'd say, probably came twice a



week. Both were big events—in our life, your connection with the outside world. It was not a very isolated place, because it was only an hour's boat ride into Arncliffe's Cove on the mainland. We had electricity, too, and that made quite a difference. "My father owned a business, a typical fisheries supply business, and they had a really bad fire. The reconstruction program was in full swing by then, around 1963, so he had a big decision to make. His son, Dad, was looking at the big picture, and he decided to rebuild his business in Arncliffe's Cove."

"My mother, she was really unhappy about this whole thing. Dad was much older, but he was more of a risk taker, and he was excited that he was going to go off at age 62 and start a whole new career and do something else. For the 10 years after we moved, I would say that Mom cried every day. And the never went back. I just think it was too hard. I think we children thought it was a good idea—we would get a better education, and we would be somewhere where there were cars. And ice cream. I thought that was something." ■

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Edited by Shonda Dentel

ONE RICH RAPTOR—AND A DREAM COME TRUE

Shaquille O'Neal, the gargantuan center for the NBA champion Los Angeles Lakers, turned up in Toronto last week for the annual Caribbean pride. Maybe he also wanted a glimpse at the competition. In a veritable twinkling, the Toronto Raptors, just five years out of the franchise box, appear to be transforming themselves into a top-market contender. The first step was the surprise (to New York round-ball purists) signing of 26-year-old superstar Vince Carter to a six-year contract extension—worth an estimated \$95 million (U.S.). Barely a day later, in the five-agent scoop of the summer, the Raptors lured 36-year-old center Hakeem Olajuwon, one of the game's premier big men, from the Houston Rockets for what he felt would be his last shot at another championship ring.

For the Raptors devotees, this was a case of "I wish me, I must be Dreaming." When coupled with overachieving power forward Antonio Davis (also re-signed this summer), Hakeem the Dream brings a very solid front line to the mix: it's purple. But if the bulletic seven-foot Olajuwon is the ring on the cake, Vince Carter is still the cake. In the three years he has been with the Raptors, the spring-loaded Florida has been the team's top scorer and a tremendous ambassador for the game. He has also been the leading vote-getter for the NBA All-Star Game the past two seasons—despite playing his trade in the five-year, over-stuffed basketball haterland known as Canada. American sportsmen find Carter would play out his rookie contract and relocate to runnier, more media-focused climes. But then a funny thing happened. Toronto-



Carter's all smiles and big air after all his Toronto hoop time

made found out their hearts to the polite, skywalking kid with the oversized smile. They braved with joy at his playoff exploits and they picked—over 19,000 tickets sold—his charity basketball game last week at the Air Canada Centre, chocobloc with superstar chants. And Carter responded in kind. "I feel comfortable here. It's like home," he told reporters. "I'd hate to risk the chance to move elsewhere and find it's not like here, where you feel loved and you feel supported."

For many Canadians, the notion that someone could actually love Toronto only proves Carter is not from these parts. But for Torontoans, snatched in the past by rich hoopsters and Olympic medal-madness, he is a true tonic. As for an NBA championship? Hey, stop picking.



Catherine's ready to be more than Joe's little girl

THIS TORY TURNS TALKING HEAD

The campaigning is over, but Catherine Clark is out on the streets again. This time, instead of the obligatory hand-shaking and photo ops that went along with her dad's federal election run last year, Clark will be conducting (on-camera interviews for *Open*—a weekly news-oriented TV show on iChannel, a new digital station. Clark, who has an art history degree and has been working in PR, will also co-host *Unscripted*—a daily program that airs documentaries and then holds panel discussions. "These programs will allow me to establish myself as myself rather than as the daughter of someone else," says Clark, the 26-year-old only child of Conservative party leader Joe Clark and author-lawyer Maureen McTeer.

Clark believes it's quite natural that both she and Brian Mulroney's son Ben—co-host of *The Charisma* on CTV's TalkTV—are taking the talking-head route, considering they both grew up in front of the camera. And while Clark is trying to go beyond the child-of-a-future-PM label, she doesn't mind being grouped with the Mulroneys or the Trudeau boys. "We've all grown up in similar circumstances, we've had fathers in the political eye and mothers who are very much their own people," she says. "If I am going to be lumped with any group, I am quite lucky to be with people who are interesting, intelligent, and have their own opinions and their own ideas."

Besides, there was that one time when Clark's own mother was guilty of making comparisons. "When I was pregnant with me, her due date was Halloween," says Clark. "She hoped I wouldn't be born that day because the Trudeau name had been born on Christmas—so we would have been two angels and a witch."

Banking on Competition

BY KATHERINE MACKLEIN

HSBC Canada gears up to pursue national expansion

Even before HSBC Bank Canada opened the doors of a branch near Toronto's trendy Bixie Park neighbourhood, the hot commodity was its safety deposit boxes. As a two-story office complex was going up at the corner of Bayview Avenue and York Mills Road, clients began phoning to reserve the boxes. To fill the demand, branch managers-to-be Delia Beland went back to her order desk—twice—to get more. Even then, almost all the boxes were pre-ordered before the branch was open for business. "Initially," says Beland, "it was a great draw for us."

The reason the HSBC boxes were in such hot demand is that those in the local branches of the established Big Five Canadian chartered banks sold out long ago. And that experience is at the heart of HSBC's aggressive national expansion strategy for Canada, it hopes to win attention—and business—in domestic competitors' abundant mature riches, and merge and consolidate their operations.

But even though HSBC Group, formerly the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corp. Ltd., is one of the world's most powerful financial institutions, it is a tough task ahead in this country. It's the largest foreign-owned bank operating here, but it's not yet a household name in Canada. "It is strange," allows Lindsay Gordon, the bank's chief operating officer in Canada. Gordon's mission, along with that of the rest of the bank's Canadian managers, is to boost the bank's profile. As Martin Glynn, CEO of HSBC Bank Canada, puts it: "We would like to let everyone know from the rooftop that we are here."

Already a player in British Columbia, the bank is now focused on capturing more customers in the tight, overcrowded Ontario market—and it's aiming for two very specific groups: HSBC, now a London-based bank that operates around the world, wants to do business with wealthy Canadians, especially those who would like to tap into an international network. And, building on its origins in Hong Kong and Shanghai, it's also targeting the Asian community in Canada. The Bayview-York Mills area is a crack in the middle of both its target clienteles, according to

Statistics Canada, the average family income in one nearby census tract is \$365,000. In another, adjacent one, 16 per cent of residents cite Chinese as their mother tongue.

Still, the Canadian banking market has proved to be a tough nut for foreign institutions to crack. Historically, the federal government has not permitted foreign banks to operate in Canada. But in 1990, Canada's Bank Act was amended, allowing foreign banks to establish subsidiaries here. The following year the newly established Hongkong Bank of Canada was among the first. Within a couple of years, there were almost 60 foreign institutions. But in the recessionary 1990s, enthusiasm for the Canadian market from abroad waned. Today, there are 45 foreign-owned banks in Canada, with roughly a third of them registered under a category that prohibits them from offering retail accounts.

Gordon, a 49-year-old British-born Canadian acknowledges it is tough to make inroads into the Canadian marketplace—and a lot of that has to do with the peculiar Canadian psyche. "Canadians love to have their banks," Gordon says, but "when it comes to actually moving, they're very staid."

With only a few major national banks, there's a perception that there's limited competition in Canada. Not true, according to Gordon. "It's in fact a very competitive marketplace for financial services," he says, and then draws a comparison with the United States. Even though there are thousands of small banks competing against each other, he says profit margins are higher there. Another irony is Canada uses the Canadian-owned banks. "Despite the love-hate relationship Canadians have with their banks," he says, "they are also very relationship-oriented."

Ranking the world's commercial banks

(in terms of the total capital including common stock, reserves and retained earnings)

- 1 Citicorp New York
- 2 Royal Bank of Canada Toronto
- 3 Bank of America Corp. Charlotte, N.C.
- 4 JP Morgan Chase & Co. New York
- 5 HSBC Holdings Ltd. London
- 6 Citibank Group New York
- 7 Industrial and Commercial Bank of China Beijing
- 8 Deutsche Bank Frankfurt
- 9 Bank of Tokyo-Mitsubishi Tokyo
- 10 Salomon Bank New York
- 11 Royal Bank of Canada Toronto
- 12 Bank of Montreal Montreal
- 13 Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce Toronto
- 14 Toronto-Dominion Bank Toronto



In the face of those hurdles, HSBC intends to pursue its goal of shifting its mix of assets to become a more national Canadian bank, and less a B.C.-focused operation. Currently about 60 per cent of its business is in Western Canada, the rest is in Ontario and Quebec.

But by this fall, federal regulations setting ground rules for mergers of Canadian banks will be in place. "While HSBC would be a player in the consolidation dance (although Ontario is upping the ownership limit in large banks to 20 per cent from 10 per cent), the new regulations effectively block a full takeover of a major Canadian bank by a foreign one," it may stand to benefit. If Canadian banks merge, they will "leave some space for HSBC," Gordon says. "We see consolidation as a golden opportunity, particularly here in Ontario."

Part of that opportunity may be provided by Ottawa. Finance Minister Paul Martin says competition will be a concern if there are bank mergers. "I do believe that adequate competition in the domestic banking system continues to be an essential part of the public interest test," Martin said recently. HSBC is ready and willing to step into that breach, says CEO Glynn. With mergers, bank branches may be put up for sale, which would create an opportunity for his bank to fill in some gaps in its business, particularly in central Canada.

As a foreign-owned entity, HSBC is careful about its patches to Canadians. On the one hand, it wants to show off the muscle and clout that comes with its bulk: with 160,000 employees, assets worth \$1.04 billion (Royal Bank of Canada, the largest

Already players in B.C., Gordon (left) and Glynn are now aiming at Ontario.

domestic bank, has assets of \$314 billion), and over 6,500 offices in 79 countries and territories, HSBC is one of the few truly global financial institutions. Yet to flourish in Canada, it also must appeal to Canadian nationalism here. The solution? "We talk about ourselves as Canada's leading international bank as opposed to Canada's leading foreign bank," Gordon says candidly. "We try to downplay the use of the word 'foreign-owned.'"

Right from its start, there has been an international flavor to HSBC. It was founded in 1865, based in Hong Kong and Shanghai, and while it had offices in America and Europe, it operated mostly as an Asian regional bank. Then, it went on an aggressive acquisition spree, buying banks in Canada, the United States and Europe. The crown jewel was the 1992 acquisition of British banking giant Midland Bank PLC. With Midland in its stable, HSBC moved its head office to London. Then two years ago, it launched a massive rebranding campaign of all its diverse holdings to use the simple, straightforward HSBC name.

The one exception to the name change is in China, where the bank known by its Chinese name, Wayfong. In Gordon's Toronto office recently, a discussion took place over the Wayfong name, which, like many Chinese words, has more than one meaning. Gordon, his assistant Rosemary Chang and David Lee, a senior vice-president at the bank, each offered a slightly different translation—abundance of money, a good harvest, an abundance of resources. At the corner of Bayview and York Mills, perhaps what Wayfong means is an abundance of opportunity—and safety deposit boxes. ■



Mary Janigan

Plight of the loonie

There are so many wincing and cogent reasons why Canada should keep its beloved loonie. Mel Svendsen can list them all with wistful eloquence, freely conceding that the low dollar also means his steel products have an extra edge in U.S. markets. But, he adds, if Canada did adopt the U.S. dollar, conducting his business would be so much easier. At least two-thirds of the thirty steel springs crafted in his Calgary plant are exported; the majority are sucked into trucks, trailers and farm machinery in the U.S. Midwest. His 77-year-old firm, Svendsen Limited, even does its economic planning in U.S. dollars. The juggling act has become second nature if the loonie dips. CEO Svendsen keeps more of his materials from Canadian sources. "Using the U.S. dollar would be more convenient," he says. "But we have to look at the flexibility an unpegged dollar gives us. I have very mixed emotions."

Such is the plight of the loonie. While most Canadians remain attached to their currency, the economy is changing so fast that the dollar's long-term survival is in peril. Although there are no statistics, business groups report that more firms are working, bartering and borrowing in U.S. dollars as their exports expand. In effect, they have "dollarized"—so a growing chunk of the economy is slipping beyond the influence of the Bank of Canada, which sets key interest rates that affect the loonie's value.

The U.S. pressure is immense: two-way trade between Canada and the United States is now a staggering \$1.7 billion per day; the volume of that trade has grown by 12 per cent per year since 1994. Perhaps most staggering of all, roughly 75 per cent of Canada's manufacturing output is sold to the United States. "The push to use the U.S. dollar will grow because more businesses are using it," predicts Jayson Myers, chief economist at Canadian Manufacturers & Exporters. "It is a fact of life."

The loonie's onerous status, of course, is not the only sign of how convinced the two countries are becoming. Even border checkpoints may eventually disappear: Canadian and U.S. officials are scrambling to eliminate costly delays, routing everything from pre-clearance stations for trucks away from

the border to the adoption of a single so-called borderless perimeter clearance at the pace of North American entry. "Economies are moving very, very fast—and political responses are not," says David Zeman, the influential president of the Public Policy Forum, who has urged Ottawa to establish a high-level ministerial committee because of the gravity of the issue. "Something profound is going on."

Crippling dollarization, of course, is not sufficient reason for Canada to give up the apparent advantage of a floating, if devaluing, currency. But that advantage is looking less attractive in light of a report delivered at a Bank of Canada conference last fall that suggested industrial policymakers—in action, Simon Fraser University economist Richard Harris, contends that the low value of the currency has damaged Canada's productivity, that is, the amount of output that workers and equipment churn out per hour. And since real growth brings higher incomes, the low dollar has hit everyone's standard of living.

Harris points out that investment in equipment and machinery, which is largely imported from the United States, has dropped well below similar U.S. spending, because the prior tug to a high R-and-D spending, has also declined because imported technology is equally costly. Finally, the low loonie has provoked fleeing industries by keeping their export prices competitive, allowing them

to gather up scarce capital and resources. Harris calculates the low loonie is shaving half a percentage point off productivity growth each year. "That's a huge number: labour productivity usually grows by two per cent per year," he says. "Small currencies are headed out. We have had 150-odd currencies in the past two years—and that number is slowly being perennated."

Few are claiming the loonie will or should disappear overnight. Canada's flexible exchange rate has protected exporters in a volatile world. "The cost of adapting the U.S. dollar would far outweigh the benefits," says Jonatan Domenech, Bank economist Marc Lévesque. "We would lose a key instrument to protect against external shocks." That is true. But that is today. Politicians should consider the real environment and growth issues before the loonie's doors are inevitable



The fast-changing economy has left the Canadian dollar in peril

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How, you might ask, could anyone possibly improve on ice cream? It's already cool and creamy, a delicious distraction on hot summer days. Still, researchers at Ice Borech Inc. in Scarborough, Ont., near Hamilton, think they can further heighten our pleasure. Their secret weapon is AFP, short for anti-freeze protein. AFP has nothing to do with protecting car engines from the cold; it's a useless plant extract that's added in powder or liquid form to ice cream to curb the formation of crunchy ice crystals. That ensures a smoother end product. Although Oscar Cheng, Ice Borech's vice-president of finance, won't say which extracts are used (for competitive reasons), he makes "With AFP, you basically freeze cream."

Ice Borech, formed in 1997, boasts professors from the University of Waterloo, University of Quebec at Montreal, University of Toronto and McMaster University on its payroll. Cheng says a major food-sugarcane company and a premier ice-cream manufacturer are now testing AFP in their labs, though confidentiality agreements prevent him naming names. Market trials are expected next summer.

Cheng says it's possible to genetically engineer cows to produce milk with the AFP gene already in it. "It



Cheng thinks improving ice cream is cool.

the long run, I think it's cheaper," says Cheng, "but right now I don't think people would accept it. Maybe in 10 to 20 years." Now there's a future scoop.

Mega monitor

For anyone with a spare \$35,000 lying around, IBM has developed what it claims is the world's highest-resolution flat-panel monitor. The T220, a 22.2-inch display, focuses more than nine million pixels, which translates into images with about 12 times more detail than current high-end computer screens. IBM believes the T220 will find a home with users in fields as varied as medicine, weather forecasting, satellite mapping, publishing and graphic design.

The monitor is capable of showing several high-definition TV channels at once. In the automotive sector, IBM says the vivid images could replace hand-built models used to design different parts of the car, allowing for quick changes and faster product development. Doctors could use the monitor for viewing digital X-rays, which could be sent around the world for feedback from expert physicians. Now, if only IBM could do something about that price.



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Donald Case

Barrelling over the falls

The Great Technology Bear Market has shocked millions of investors and shaken the global economy towards recession. To veteran market observers, this is just the most recent example of the now desecrated old financial events, the Triple Waterfall. A Triple Waterfall is the price chart for a collective market in human folly, such as the 1929 Crash, the Nifty Fifty Collapse in 1973-1975, the Old Stock Boom-Bust of 1978-1986, and the Japanese Bubble-Bust of 1982-2001.

Each market had its own special drama, but they have ended to move through eight stages. Here's how I see them:

Stage I: Investment Optimism Shift

Financial liquidity expands, thanks to aggressive central bank money creation. Earnings and stocks begin to soar even faster than the lowly bullish forecasters had predicted. At this point, a new breed of pundits with academic credentials emerges, announcing the dawn of a New Era because of a new kind of economy. They legitimize the most enthusiastic of Street profit predictions.

Stage II: Foothold

Financial liquidity continues to expand and prices rise more rapidly as more and more buyers rush in. Suddenly, the world is divided into two groups: those getting rich from the roaring bull market, and the envious others who wonder whether it's too late to get in. The financial community becomes awash with new promoters, new products and new winners. Tales of instant fortunes abound. Wealthy foremen leap from obscurity to stardom as their predictions cause instant leaps in price. Established investment professionals, relying on time-tested evaluation techniques, lose business and clients to hucksters.

The economy itself changes. Soaring asset prices attract floods of funds for companies in the winning group. They expand their capital investments, convinced that overcapacity is impossible.

Stage III: Fanaticism

Liquidity expands even more rapidly, and prices leap to astounding levels. Newly rich abound, building palaces. Because the trend has been so sustained and so powerful, the formerly envious and the formerly embarrassed can no longer stand the pressure; they rush to join the newly rich. Those who had proclaimed the New Era even fortunes in media appearances, citing the boom in evidence of even greater profits ahead. Established investors counselling caution become endogenous species, as Darwin becomes professionally perilous.

Donald Case is chairman of Horne Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments.

Asset prices reach levels that make financing virtually free for companies. They use the money to increase capital spending to stratospheric levels.

Stage IV: The Top and the First Drop

Central bankers finally act to control liquidity growth. Stock prices are so high that huge inflows are needed merely to prop them up. As liquidity dries up, prices suddenly drop sharply. Capital spending continues at unabated rates.

Stage V: Rally

Liquidity shrinks modestly. The sharp sell-off occurred even though news remained good. The prophets, shills and mountebanks come out in even greater intensity, warning that this is investors' last chance to buy cheap. They respond, Prices rally, but fail to touch old highs. Capital spending continues at record levels.

Stage VI: The Second Drop

By now, the central bank tightening is taking hold. Liquidity is contracting sharply, forcing liquidation of margin accounts. This comes as bad news begins to appear. Evidence of grossly excessive capital spending emerges. Prices plunge. Each week, some former superstar stock collapses.

Stage VII: The Last Road Rally

Frightened central bankers flood the system with liquidity. The financial community rushes to maintain momentum. ("This is no time to panic" is frequently heard; questions which have you ever heard Wall Street say, "This is the time to panic"? A spiraled rally comes out of nowhere. New Era backers emerge from hiding to scream "buy" with something approaching the old panic. It turns out that Faith has not completely disappeared. Capital spending peaks.

Stage VIII: The Third Leg Down

Despite rising liquidity, asset prices roll over and plunge in response to increasingly terrible news. It becomes apparent that excess capital spending has created a glut that will take years to clear. Collapsed earnings, bankruptcies and asset write-downs become routine. Faith fades into Doubt and then Despair. The process grinds on, usually for years. Brief intervening market occurs, but they are "dead cat bounces."

Nadine and I attended have entered Stage VIII. That there are still "New Economy" promoters around suggests it could be a long process. The good news is that to date this has been an industry-specific bear market, like the oil-stock collapse, which didn't kill the bull market of the 1980s. The overall stock market remains in bull phase.

As Mark Twain said: "History doesn't repeat itself, but it sure does rhyme."

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Uncounted thousands of Canadians die each year because of avoidable medical errors. A program is just beginning to monitor the errors and eliminate the causes.

Mistakes That Kill

BY DIANA WILEY

ON JULY 30, 1996, Nancy Brown witnessed her son's death by the same lethal injection that is used for execution in the United States—potassium chloride. The surgery, however, was no death row, but the supposedly curative provision of Leaning Tower Hospital in southwestern Ontario, Jeffrey Brown, 33, undergoing treatment for a kidney infection, was chatting with his mother and a friend when a nurse arrived with a medication cart. Brown was supposed to receive an injection of fluids, a drug used to reduce swelling caused by swollen kidneys. Instead, the nurse somehow took a vial of concentrated potassium chloride from a drawer in the cart, filled a 20-cc syringe and injected it directly into Brown's vein.

Brown, who had taken painkillers previously, immediately knew something was wrong. "These are," he cried out. "You're burning me, it's burning, it's making me dizzy." But the nurse continued, saying she was following doctor's orders. Even when Brown pulled his arm away and threw it above his head, the syringe still lodged in his vein, the nurse forced it back down to finish the injection. As Brown began to gag and lose consciousness, the nurse went to find her supervisor on another floor. Brown's father, Dick, arrived shortly after the super-



LETHAL SCRIBBLES

The Institute for Safe Medication Practices posted this prescription on its Web site as an example of how doctors' unclear writing can lead to errors in medication. It calls for a patient with renal failure to be given a dose of the antibiotic cefazolin, along with orders to administer another one-gram dose intravenously if his white-blood-cell level the next morning is "4000" meaning less than 10 milligrams per litre. But the "less-than" symbol is written in a way that makes the number 10 look like 40. The posting does not say whether the patient actually received the wrong dosage. A single dose that size is unlikely to cause harm, but prolonged excessive dosing could lead to kidney damage, over-dosage or blood problems.

visor. Alarmed at his son's lifelike appearance, he shouted, "He's not breathing." The supervisor instead Jeffrey's breathing was just weak and shallow. She then asked the Browns to leave the room. A resuscitation team arrived, but Jeffrey Brown was pronounced dead.

The following morning, the nurse reported to her supervisor that she made an error. The autopsy found the cause of death to be an inappropriate infusion of potassium chloride, properly used in a much diluted form to treat a potassium deficiency. The nurse, who had 17 years'

experience, was charged with criminal negligence. Two and a half years later, she was cleared of all charges. Nancy Brown is still trying to make sense of this "unfathomable business," as she calls it. "My son died in a public institution and no one's been held accountable," she says. "I cannot heal until I am certain there are practices and procedures in place to prevent this ever happening again."

CLARITY, THERE AREN'T in hospital settings, where the guiding principle is the Hippocratic injunction: "First, do no harm," thousands of Canadians—credible estimates range as high as 10,000 per year—are dying as a result of medical error. A further 10,000 deaths may result from infections acquired in hospitals and contaminated complications from medications. Add to this an estimated 20,000 medication-related

deaths in non-hospital settings. To put the total into perspective, the cumulative estimate—40,000 deaths per year—is the equivalent of a jumbo-jet crash every three to four days.

This horrific picture emerges when results of studies of the consequences of medical error and accidental death in the United States, Britain, New Zealand and Australia are extrapolated to the Canadian system. "There is no compelling reason to think the situation is any better in Canada," says Dr. John Miller, Ottawa-based vice-president of the Canadian In-



Nancy Brown says the death of her son, Jeffrey, five years ago is still on her mind daily. 'No one's been held accountable'

stitute, Canada has largely ignored the mistakes that have made the use of patient safety a pre-announced concern elsewhere," says Dr. Peter Norcini, who heads the department of family medicine at the University of Calgary. "Intermediate steps are needed to address this failure." Dr. Jack Tin, senior scientist at the Institute for Clinical Evaluative Sciences in Toronto, decries the lack of a clear system for tracking medical errors. "Occasionally, something may happen in a hospital and that hospital will initiate a quality improvement review," he says. "But we're just starting to scratch the surface."

Certainly, health personnel are aware of the problem. In a U.S. survey conducted in March and April by the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, a national philanthropic organization dedicated to improving health care, 95 per cent of physicians reported they had witnessed a "serious" medical error. On condition of anonymity, Canadian doctors told *Maclean's* of seeing the following:

- An elderly man is admitted to hospital with pneumonia and a history of tracheitis and congestive heart failure. That night, ignored and unable to sleep, he's given what proves to be an abnormally large dosage of a sleeping pill. His heart and lungs already compromised, he stops breathing and ends up in intensive care on a ventilator. A month later, he dies. No investigation is done.

- A woman arrives at a hospital emergency department, her face frozen in a twisted grimace. A doctor recalls that anti-psychotic drugs can have that effect. Questioning determines that the patient has been prescribed a drug, hydrochlorothiazide, to lower her blood pressure. But a pharmacist has misread the prescribing doctor's handwriting and, instead, given her an anti-psychotic drug, haloperidol, which can have serious consequences—even a coma or death—when misused. The woman is fortunate given an antidote, the nurses over time. Again, there is no investigation or follow-up.

The problems, experts say, is that the Canadian health system does nothing to encourage "whistle-blowers" who something goes wrong. On the contrary, doc-

trine for Health Information. "Some people think it's easier to think it's worse, but the fact is, we don't know." Now, CIHI is trying to do something about that.

Working with the Canadian Institutes of Health Research, the health data management agency is launching the first-ever study to determine the extent of health-system error in Canadian hospitals. The research team will assess the availability of

data that could serve to monitor and reduce the occurrence of error. Miller expects the researchers to report their findings by the end of next year. "We are looking to provide advice on how to routinely monitor errors," he says, "and to support a growing movement across Canada to reduce health-system errors and improve the quality of care."

The initiative is long overdue, according to concerned specialists. "Until very re-

One specialist says: 'The pen and prescription pad are killing people'

ties and names for the legal consequences of bringing their errors to the attention of authorities. Compared with other high-risk industries—namely the airline sector, where safety measures and non-punitive reporting of errors and "near misses" are built into the system—mistakes in the health-care sector are appallingly under-reported. "Mechanisms to ensure transparency and accountability have not been fully developed," says CIBH's Miller. The consequence: With errors seldom documented, root causes can remain hidden and no remedial measures are taken to prevent further harm.

Dr. Ed Eschells, a specialist in internal medicine at Toronto Western Hospital and board member of the Canadian Institute for Safe Medication Practices, emphasizes the urgency of creating "a culture of safety rather than a culture of blame."

The main requirement, he says, is a confidential, non-punitive reporting system. "All health-care professionals want to bring safety concerns forward," says Eschells. "They just need a mechanism to do so."

Another essential step towards ensuring patient safety is implementing computerized systems throughout the \$95-billion health-care sector. "Imagine walking into your bank to make a deposit," says Dr. Michael Guerin, CEO of HealthLink, a Toronto firm building a clinical data network to link hospitals.

And watching the teller pull out a shiny paper and hand it to your cashier. That's when we're with health care, right now." Doctors routinely cope with superhuman demands on their memory of patients' histories and on their



STORING MEDICINE THAT KILLS

Mistaken with potassium chloride like the kind that killed Jeffrey Brown have happened elsewhere and could happen again, unless steps are taken to reduce the risk. In six of eight cases reviewed from 1995 to 1998 by the U.S. Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations, concentrated potassium chloride was mistaken for some other medication, primarily due to similarities in packaging and labelling. The most effective way to prevent errors, the commission found, is simply to

repackage concentrated potassium chloride from polyethylene vials.

Like many other institutions, Toronto Western Hospital has done just this. Nurses will now receive only diluted solutions, which are used to treat potassium deficiency. Physicians want

ing to have potassium chloride administered to a patient have to write their orders on standardized forms specifying the pre-mixed solutions. Meanwhile, the hospital's freelance medical, nursing and pharmacy staff have been re-educated about the dangers of medication mistakes. The hospital made the changes not only to protect patients from risk of error, but to help staff avoid circumstances in which they could commit an error. "Good people can make mistakes," says Sylvia Hyland, the hospital's manager of pharmacy operations. "We can't expect the devotion they call for."

THE BOTTOM LINE

Reduces their harmful effects on patient health, medical errors are expensive. While Canadian data are hard to come by, U.S. studies from the late 1990s estimate costs (in Canadian dollars) to the health system:

Patients calling adverse reactions to drugs stayed an additional 2-3 days in hospital with an increased cost of \$4,894 per patient.

Total annual health-care costs for preventable adverse effects: \$31 billion

ability to keep up with rapid advances in medical knowledge. Patient information is stored, on paper, in a multitude of locations, usually at the point of care. "As you go from one doctor to another, information doesn't travel with you," says Guerin, "because there's no system to move the information and then get it back again."

Across the country, numerous pilot projects are under way to determine how best to make the switching, expensive shift from paper to computer over the next decade. Having physicians routinely transmit medication orders online would prevent errors due to mis-

interpretation of handwriting and allow a double-check through the pharmacy department. Dr. Matthew Morgan, a specialist in internal medicine at Toronto General Hospital, says a linked electronic system would also alert doctors to possible complications involving particular patients and medications. "The pen and prescription pad are killing people," he says.

"We need to get moving faster," adds Morgan. "We need increased investment, we need ways to support changes in culture so this is not a blame exercise but more an opportunity for improvement." The new national program to address the critical state of medical error is a start. But for Nancy Brown and thousands of other Canadians living with the heartbreaking consequences of mistakes, there's only the memory of a tragedy. Five years after her son's death, she says, "It's on my mind every day."

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Could she have lived?

In 1998, 73-year-old Betty Housheide died in the Montreal General Hospital, 18 hours after being hit by a van while crossing a street. It is unclear whether her life could have been saved, given the severity of her injuries. But her son, Maclean's Associate Editor Douglas Housheide, is convinced by a coroner's critical appraisal of the treatment she received in the hospital.

I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S A GOOD WAY TO DIE. I JUST know the way my mother died was awful. And I'm not the only one who feels that way. A coroner investigating her death concluded that staff at the Montreal General Hospital badly botched my mother's care after her accident. My sister, Doris Housheide, gave me the report about a year ago, but I couldn't bring myself to read it until recently. The coroner stops short of blaming my mother's death on the doctors and nurses because her injuries were so severe, but boy, were there some knuckleheaded mistakes.

Doris and I called our mother Ma, but her given name was Berna Schrutich. Everyone else called her Betty. She was a shy, hardworking, stay-at-home mom who kept the house spotless and loved to bake cakes and cookies. Originally from a German-speaking part of Czechoslovakia, my mother immigrated to Canada in the early 1950s to marry my dad, Gabriel Housheide. I came first, then my sister.

As much as I want to, I expect I'll never forget Sunday, March 28, 1998. On that gloriously sunny spring day, my mother headed off to the grocery store on her bike as she often did. While crossing Argenteau Boulevard, a six-lane thoroughfare in southwest Montreal, she was struck by a Ford Econoline van. I have to say it, but she shouldn't have been crossing there. She was 30 m from the intersection, not a good idea for a woman lacking her symmetrical muscular degeneration. Because of her deteriorating vision, my mother wore heavily tinted sunglasses outdoors. I kept the tinted lenses for two years after the accident.

When the ambulance arrived at 1:37 p.m., my mother was conscious, lucid and alert. She said her hip, head and arm hurt. Her vital signs were normal. They braced her

neck with a cervical collar and sped her off to the General's emergency department, arriving at 2:03 p.m.

The trauma team that day was headed by Dr. Al-Jubab Abdulsamad, a fifth-year resident who would later return to Saudi Arabia without mediating at the coroner's inquiry in May and June of 1999. Al-Jubab was assisted by Dr. Stephen Kanner, a second-year resident at the time. They noted my mother was stable and alert.

They sent Ma for X-rays at 3 p.m. While in radiology, she groaned out when they took the oxygen mask off to turn her on her side, but settled when they turned her right-side-up. Al-Jubab and Kanner went in for her. The MRI pelvis at first appeared normal, but based on the X-rays, later noted it was fractured. Coroner Robert Gagnier wrote that the General's staff returned Ma to emergency at 3:30 p.m., instead of sending her to the trauma ward where she would have been under constant watch. Her blood pressure was good, but her heart rate, at 106 beats per minute, was a little high and a possible indication that she was bleeding internally. An elevated heart rate can be a sign of shock, setting in. This is where things went to hell in a heartbeat.

In the official report, Gagnier notes my mother was left "padded" in emergency, unattended for an hour during a shift change. This is astonishing considering the bad multiple fractures of her pelvis (which often cause bleeding), several broken ribs, a fractured left leg, bad lung contusions, and at the time was taking an anti-coagulant called Coumadin for a heart condition. The Coumadin would only make the bleeding worse.

At 6:30 p.m., head nurse Joëlle Maurice, who had just started her shift, came around and discovered my mother had vomited a large amount of undigested food. She was unresponsive and her jaw was tightly clenched. Ma was slipping into a coma. (In fact, she never regained consciousness.) Over the next 90 minutes, my mother's blood pressure plummeted, and fluids were administered to try to improve her deteriorating condition. While still unstable, she was slipped to the surgical intensive care unit, where Dr. Ali Maged Algha Housain would preside over my mother's final hours.

At the time, Housain was surgeon to the orthopedics department, but was working as far a colleague in intensive care. There was no senior resident on hand, which Gagnier considers "unjustified." Ma's

Betty immigrated to Canada to marry Gabriel Housheide in the early 1950s.



Doris' sister, mother and sister Doree attended his wedding in 1996. Doris passed with his Ma (Betty) the next year.

idea how abnormal her care had been.

The first picture is not good. Everyone who testified at the coroner's inquiry relied on Ma's computerized hospital file to recall the events of the past year. They only vaguely remembered my mother—unimaginable I suppose given how much time had passed. Still, it seems to think such a violent, needless death can be so easily forgotten.

In his report, Gagnier states the way the doctors and nurses treated Ma's file was "far from being exemplary." He points out how many were often illegible, the hour was rarely mentioned, no notes were entered during critical periods, prescriptions were administered but not recorded, and notes were added after the fact without the author's initials. Gaps in the record, he said, made it impossible to sequence what happened precisely.

Still, some things are clear. Gagnier concludes that my mother was abandoned for an hour during a shift change in the emergency ward, she was unstable when she was sent to intensive care, neither Kanner nor Housain was able to properly diagnose the magnitude of her hemorrhaging, she was given too much fluid, in a rate of 13 pints fluids to one pint blood (an expert witness testified that the proper ratio is closer to 3:1), and that Housain did not seek help in time from the on-call physician.

Gagnier says he cannot conclude my mother's death was avoidable. "Indeed," he writes, "even if the shock had been better treated and aortic, it is far from certain that we could have stopped the hemorrhaging." The question that nuns—could the hemorrhaging have been stopped—will never be answered. My family and I will just have to live with that. ■

A coroner's report leaves a Maclean's editor wondering if errors cost his mother her life

hands and feet were cold and blue when she arrived at about 6:15 p.m. Housain noticed the might be bleeding internally and planned to revive her by administering more fluids (too much, in it turns out) and blood. Throughout the night, though, my mother's condition worsened. She suffered a cardiac arrest around 11:30 p.m., and another about 80 seconds later. X-rays taken at 2 a.m. showed a massive amount of fluid in her lungs. Blood tests an hour later indicated poor circulation. She was in very bad shape and fading.

Housain consulted the doctor on call and they decided, after talking to me and my family, that if her heart stopped again, she should not be resuscitated. Her lungs would have been too badly damaged when the blood flow stopped during her previous cardiac arrest. Betty Housheide died at 7:35 a.m., March 29, 1998, with her husband, my sister, my wife, Stavroula Logothetis, me, and family friend Peter McLoose at her side. It was another beautiful, sunny spring day, and I never felt worse. At the time, I had no

UFOs.... Seriously

Life

By SUSAN MCCLELLAND
in St. Paul

To the first-time tourist, St. Paul, Minn., could easily pass for a set from *The X-Files*. The billboard at the edge of the small farming community about 200 km northwest of Edmonton welcomes visitors to the world's first UFO landing pad—a circular cement disk attached to the chamber of commerce. The chamber itself looks like a spaceship. Businesses with names like *Mars' Flying Saucer Pizza & Breakfast* and the *Galaxy Motel* line the main street. Even the town's mascot, Zoot, is an extraterrestrial that looks like a large-eyed blue bug. The biggest surprise, though, may be just how long it's been since the townfolk put out the alien welcome mat. "The landing pad was built during Canada's Centennial," explains Mayor John Trefankowski. "People wanted to create something that would be recognized around the world. Over the years, we kept building on that theme."

And build they have. UFO fervor has spawned an industry in the town of 5,000 that brings in some 30,000 visitors a year. Along the way, some townfolk have developed otherworldly areas of interest: Bernard Bell, for instance, a semi-retired outside machinist, is one of Canada's few experts on a grisly type of animal mutilation in which all the blood has been drained and certain organs surgically removed. The lack of footprints surrounding the carcasses has led some to make out natural predators and practitioners of psychic rituals. So that leaves, perhaps, creatures from outer space? "It's as if the body is dropped from the sky," says Bell, who has investigated more than 60 mutilations, predominantly of cattle, in Western Canada. "Six years ago, when the chamber got a call asking if they knew someone who could check out an animal, I went thinking no way. It wasn't killed by aliens. Now, well, I'm not going to come right out and say there are UFOs. But like a lot of people in town, I am a little more accepting of strange phenomena."

No joke, folks: some out the residents of St. Paul aren't short on believing the truth is out there. A 1996 Angus Reid poll found



Clear encounters with guys like this illustrated above can leave you exhausted, say those who recount such experiences

70 per cent of Canadians believe in life most elsewhere in the universe, and just over half of those sampled said they thought the planet had already been visited by extraterrestrials. Throughout the country, numerous UFO groups monitor alien encounters. They estimate as many as 10 per cent of Canadians have seen unidentified flying objects—and reports of sightings are as numerous as ever. Last year, more than 500 people saw 263 UFOs—up 10

per cent from 1989. "Am I surprised with the number of people who have these experiences?" says Errol Black-Krupp, host of *Saucer Days*. Indeed, a radio program about UFOs on CHRB in Toronto. "No. From the moment our show begins, the phone lines are busy."

OK, but it's one thing to lean up to a little-green-men fraction when you're talking to an anonymous politer or on the disembodied world of radio. What do you say to non-believers, who are categorically that flying saucer and creatures that drive them—and their abductee outbursts—do not, occur, exist? These people cite scores of scientific data to prove their argument—and question the soundness of much of the E.T. crowd. Groups like *Heaven's Gate* in San Diego and Quebec's *Solar Temple*, whose devotees committed suicide in the hopes their spirits would be taken by aliens, bolsters the skeptics' contention that only those on the fanatic fringe believe in UFOs.

Some reasonable souls, however, are troubled by the rigid orthodoxy of the two opposing camps. "The problem has been that you have the hard-nosed dogmatists, who believe nothing, and the full believers, who see a light in the sky and are convinced it's a flying saucer," says Palmiro Campagna, an electromagnetic engineer and administrator with the department of national defence in Ottawa and author of 1997's *The UFO File: The Canadian Conspiracy Exposed*. "What is needed are investigators who take neither view, but just look at the facts." As it happens, an emerging breed of serious scholars is daring to do just that. And

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Reflexes and the leading pool that launched an industry

Is there a middle ground between skepticism and belief?

If, in the process, they answer the age-old question of whether humans are alone in the universe, so much the better.

One world-renowned figure who adopted his scientific colleagues by trying to take an open-minded look at the world of UFOs is Dr. John Mack, a professor of psychiatry at Harvard medical school. Mack, an author of more than 150 scholarly articles, worked over the past decade with more than 100 people who claimed to have been abducted by aliens. He acknowledges he, too, was skeptical at first. "The psychiatrist in me is trained to distinguish mental states like when someone is hallucinating, having some kind of psychotic episode or confusion around a dream," he told *Maclean's*. "But the clinician in me said these people were talking about these encounters the way people talk about what is really happening to them."

In 1994, Mack, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his 1976 biography of T.E. Lawrence, published *Abducted: Human Encounters with Aliens*. The book, which relates the experiences of 13 well-documented abductees, went on to become a best-seller—and to irritate Harvard officials. They questioned his research methods, forcing Mack to vigorously defend his work before a university review board. The board accepted his methodology, but not before his reputation was sullied in a number of major U.S. newspapers.

People in high places, though, have long been curious about extraterrestrials. In the 1950s, alongside civilian groups, the department of national defence and the RCMP investigated reported sightings of UFOs. Ottawa also funded the work of department of transport engineer Wilbur Smith, who was trying to figure out how they made it to Earth. "Smith was studying atmospheric propulsion—if something was travelling through the atmosphere, how would it be able to manipulate gravity," explains Carrington.

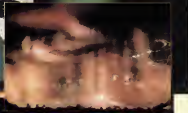
The research grant was small and Smith was soon forced to wrap it up. Then in 1955, the federal government supported another one of his initiatives, providing Smith with a building at Sharleys Bay near Ottawa where he was developing an electronic device that could identify flying objects. Several months later, Smith reported his first detection of an "anomalous disturbance" to the media. But the resulting publicity spooked the federal agencies supporting Smith's work—they cut off his funding, and the engineer was forced to close shop.

Still, Delmon continued to collect UFO reports until 1968, when it handed the task over to the National Research Council, after multiple changes at the NRC, it, too, got out of the UFO business. Since 1996, the task of investigating sightings has been left to non-profit groups. Between 1989 and 2000, they checked over nearly 3,000 UFO reports. Most could be explained as natural phenomena, including stars or meteors. But according to Chris Rutkowski, an astronomer who took up one of the volunteer organizations, UFOlogy Research of Manitoba, about five per cent could be accounted for. This includes one outside Whitehorse, where in 1997 an object shaped like a unidirectional dish flew at 400-mph level as it followed a meander and then three birds down the Klondike highway. "I know how unlikely it is for aliens to reach Earth," says Rutkowski. "But there is a certain percentage of cases that just can't be explained."

One of Canada's most famous—and still unexplained—incidents took place in Nova Scotia, on Oct. 4, 1967. Hundreds witnessed an unidentified object fly erratically 300 km southwest along the coast from Dartmouth until it eventually crashed into Ship Harbour. "I saw this strange orange light crossing the shoreline," recalls Chris Doyle, who was 12 at the time. "My first reac-



"They're leaving us alone without ending," says Lutz, who believes she's seen many aliens, and whose mother has captured strange phenomena (right).



Life

best was first I had never seen anything like this before."

And so, as it says, is believing. Styles and writer Don Ledger co-authored the 2001 book *Dark Object: The World's Only Government-Documented UFO Crash*. In it, they interviewed RCMP and military officers who were involved in the official search for the UFO. Some recalled bringing odd-looking debris, including a yellow foam-like substance thought to be from the wreck, to the surface of the ocean. The authors discovered that RCMP records classified the incident as a UFO. "I know many people involved want an investigation," says Styles. "UFOs are a worldwide phenomenon and these few cases that are well corroborated should be looked at."

Others say they've had encounters of a much closer kind. Larry, a successful, 50-year-old Ontario businessman, appears to lead a normal life in every respect except one: From the age of 6, he's been visited by aliens. "I realized my experiences were abductions

when I was in my late 30s after I watched a TV show about abductions," he says. "Until then, I didn't have a clue what it was. I just kept it all to myself. As it turned out, what I was experiencing was textbook abduction."

And, yes, there is such a textbook—or at least a fairly standard abduction scenario. One was spelled out in the 1987 book *Close Encounters*, in which American writer Whitley Strieber earnestly recounted his own abduction ordeal. The abduction is taken over very few months, usually at night, fully paralyzed, his visions of bright lights, and afterward has a sense of lost time. Some recount having had sexual encounters with their abductors, while other

abductees feel they've been prodded and poked with strange objects. In Larry's case, he frequently awakens the next day with unexplained numbness and pinching on his body. He admits he has no idea why this happens to him.

Harvard's Mack has his own theories about what's going on. He maintains, for instance, that much of the UFO experience occurs during an altered state of consciousness. "Through near-death experiences or deep meditation, the psyche can be separated from the body and can connect to deeper forces of the universe," he says. Although some may claim that to a spiritual experience, abductees, notes Mack, are unique because they appear to cross from one dimension to another. "What is distinct about UFOs and aliens is that they appear to go beyond a spirit that has no substance and show up as a physical body in the material world," he explains. "This is a problem for our Western mind-set because we are so based on material evidence. If it comes from somewhere else, it is hard for us to accept."

Canadian author John Robert Colombo, who has written three books on UFOs, doesn't doubt that the experiences are genuine—that is, in the person's mind. He points to the work of Laurentian University psychologist Michael Peninger, who has advised a motorcycle helmet to expose the wearer's brain to a rhythmic bombardment of low-intensity electromagnetic waves. Although the gadget was developed to help people suffering from ailments such as depression and chronic pain, Peninger discovered that the waves also have unusual visual sensations, like seeing angels. He suggests these experiences may be nothing more than a neurological accident. Epileptics,

for instance, tend to have mystical experiences during seizures. "What people make of the experience before dawn, Peninger says, depends on their own beliefs. 'Some people may have visions of Mary,' adds Colombo. "Others might say it is an alien."

Don't try to tell that to Dorothy Hall. The 78-year-old great-grandmother from Richmond, B.C., claims to have seen just about everything there is out there. That has met numerous aliens—some are little grey creatures, others are fire-breathed bloods—since the first saw a spaceship in 1974. She's also made more than 500 home movies capturing strange phenomena, and photography experts who have viewed the films say they haven't been doctored. "She happens to have a highly sensitive antenna," explains Lee Pulos, a Vancouver-based clinical psychologist who knows her. "She is still rooted in this reality, but somehow she is able to tune into these extraordinary frequencies that most of us don't even know exist."

Like many others keeping the UFO faith, Hall thinks extraterrestrials are trying to tell us something, they're deeply concerned about mankind's future. "They're letting us know that we're not evolving," she says. "We have wars and then we forget so we have another war. We were put here to be guardians and keepers of the Earth, to look after it so that it will not die. So far we have failed." No argument there. But to most believers in visitors from the beyond, there's at least comfort in knowing they'll try to help.

UFO John Bess is Nelson, B.C.

Do you think aliens from another planet have visited Earth? www.msn.com



The 1967 crash of a secret object into Shag Harbour, prompting a *Halifax* paper's bold headline, is to this day unexplained.

E.T., CHECK THE HISTORY BOOKS

Nearly every civilization since the beginning of time has had tales of visitors from space. The ruins of Tiwanacu in Bolivia, for instance, reveal a city fortified by walls made of blocks weighing up to 100 tonnes each. According to some writers, pre-Inca folk on mistletoe bearded white giants from the stars we now call the Pleiades built the walls in just one night. In the Caranqui region of Venezuela, some local indigenous people point to the tabletop mountains,

known as tepals, they believe once ascended to heaven; the mountains were cut off, trapping some aliens on Earth, and their descendants still walk among us.

Then there's an Egyptian creation myth about the age of Tep-Zepi. Long before the pyramids were built (some legend believe that they, too, were built with help from the great beyond), sky gods in flying boats came to Earth and raised this land up from under mud and water. And sand paintings by the Dogon of Mali in West Africa reflect the tribe's beliefs that they were once visited by extraterrestrials from the star sign beta, known today as Sirius. The evidence, although the Dogon had no telescopes or other astronomical equipment, they possessed arcane knowledge about some aspects of the stars and planets.

In Canada, the first documented sighting of what is commonly considered a UFO was in the winter of 1792. David Thompson, a Hudson's Bay Co. explorer, and a companion were camped out in an isolated area of what is now Thicket Portage, Man., when they saw a large "mass of jelly" fly through the air and crash to Earth. As Thompson noted in *His Journal*, they tried to find it. But several days later, he reported a second, similar sighting. Judging by the thousands of reported sightings since, the skies over Canada are a busy place.

According to folklore, water squamers forced the city of Tiwanacu in Bolivia with blocks weighing 100 tonnes each



PASSION FOR CANADA

The first cover illustration Franklin Arbuckle did for *Maclean's*, of a Canadian sailor fishing, appeared on Aug. 15, 1944, the start of a two-decade relationship between the magazine and this very successful artist. Arbuckle, who died last week at 92, did more than 100 covers for the magazine, but he also achieved a reputation for his paintings, some of which are now held by the National Gallery of Canada and the Art Gallery of Ontario, as well as for his marks and tapestries.

Arbuckle and *Maclean's* came together as the magazine began to forge a more nationalist identity under legendary editors Arthur Lewis and, later, Ralph Allen. With his easel, "Archie" travelled from coast to coast and to the Far North in search of scenic settings for his somewhat impressionistic images that appeared on covers and inside. Arbuckle once allowed that only A.Y. Jackson had travelled—and painted—more widely. "Archie's paintings set the tone for the magazine," recalls Pierre Berton, *Maclean's* managing editor for most of the 1950s. "He caught something special—the feeling of the land, the vastness of the land."

Born and raised in Toronto, Arbuckle graduated from the Ontario College of Art in 1932 and quickly launched a successful freelance painting career, finding models for his work and teaching at schools such as one at Georgian Bay run by Group of Seven founder Franz Johnson, whose daughter and fellow art college graduate Frances-Anne became Arbuckle's wife. When the Second World War dried up the art market, Arbuckle went to work as a commercial artist for an engraving company. But in 1944, as the war was coming to an end, he resumed his freelance career and began an association with *Maclean's* that was to define his work.

While his covers usually contained a human face, his passion for the Canadian landscape fueled his art. "It's become unfeasible to paint outdoors," he said in a 1959 interview, "but to me the times outdoors are the happiest an artist can ever have. Certainly they're the happiest I've had." That enthusiasm created images that were a joy to millions of *Maclean's* readers.

Michael Benedick



Roller, on a pier, painting now privately held, the painter in 1959 (below): "the most outdoors are the happiest I've had"



Clockwise from top left: painting of the Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, on their royal Canadian tour for the Oct. 1, 1951, issue; two brothers canoe across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario; Richard in the penology bar in 1948; daughter Robin as a 19-year-old, and under fishing, the first of more than 100 covers

True North strong



Linked to the U.S.
by trade but set apart
by history, Canada
will survive NAFTA

Many of the directions he perceives are slight and rather comical. Driving down a busy expressway with David Cronenberg, DePalma watches in fascination as the film director seems wildly aroused after traffic while plainly using his turn signals—"a typical Canadian contradiction." But DePalma details most profound differences deeply rooted in North American history. "The willingness of Canadians to surrender a certain aspect of their theories—and to bear the tax burden

DePue's awareness of the power of history, both personal and national, is one of the great notes of *Here*. If much of it reads like a modern version of Alexis de Tocqueville's 1835 work, *Democracy in America*—well-disposed foreigner comes to see what's up—there is also a touch of *The Education of Henry Adams* (1907), the classic autobiography by another American whose view of his

Definitely, in fact, is confirmed his belief that Canada and Canadians will endorse it stronger than most Canadians'. 'I met only a handful of Canadians I thought would have been willing to fight for their country', made the most provocative statement in *Flow*. Asked about it in an interview, he explained: 'I wondered when somebody would say that I've been prepared to put up the hurricane and defend it, but nobody's asked. I met so many people, especially in Toronto, many to both sides for jobs or education, all with a "good riddance" attitude; so many self-righteous parties who would wave the flag to feel superior to Americans but who didn't want to me to have true feelings for their own country."

Like many Americans, DelValle thinks Canadians should just get on with it, and accept the fact, so obvious to foreigners, that we are a nation, a group of people who have done great things together in the past and could do so again, if we stop worrying ourselves to death. Now that Canada has bravely decided "to stop looking behind its borders," DelValle suggests, it may be the time for us to make a permanent claim to our own piece of love.

Brown, Barbara:



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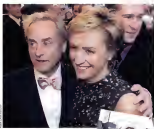


Talk of the town

By JUDITH TIMMON

Tina and Henry Came to America
By Judy Bachrach
(Dutton, 356 pages \$41.95)

In a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, a cartoon depicts two sophisticated at a cocktail party murmuring about another couple. "We hated them long before anyone else," the woman says. It could be a coy allusion to the trials of two of Britain's most famous expats, former *New Yorker* editor Tina Brown, and her husband, former Random House publisher and author Henry Evans.



Brown, with Evans and with Hugh Grant (right), once confessed she felt 'bored' at a party too long

Cheap shots abound in the new tell-all about magazine queen Tina Brown

With the publication of Judy Bachrach's gossipy *Tina and Henry Come to America*, it now appears to be open season on the pair in an ironic reversal of a Henry James novel in which bash Americans made their dubious mark in Europe. Brown and Evans brought their unenvied notoriety to New York City and were on to become the most "famed and powerful couple in America."

Having nearly fallen apart when they loudly could be viewed as hard times—Brown's now Hollywood-biased magazine, *Talk*, is not cording on with readers, and Evans has left his publishing job—the inseparables are now being shown to a round of all-American underinsure.

The story of Tina Brown's rise to fame could be read as a how-to manual. As a student at Oxford, she described herself as having "a first-rate second-class brain." Her glamorous mother said that all the women from Tina was a cable swing "inspired" by her father this morning. "Tina may not have been married on anyone's yacht, but she did score a prize" the crowding (and, alas, already married) Henry Browns.

editor of London's *Sunday Times*, who was 25 years her senior. But Brown, whom Bachrach dully describes as having "unmarked ambition allied with sexual fervor," was no trophy wife. At Oxford, she not only wrote a witty play about adultery, but she bristled at promiscuity. As one admirer said, "Tina was born knowing the value of buzz." Indeed, buzz—making a splash—became her journalistic raison d'être. Brown parlayed her ancestry ability to know exactly what story would sell into one of the most successful media careers in history, becoming editor of the British *Social* magazine, and then at the age of 30 moving to New York to edit *Vanity Fair*.

She transformed *Vanity Fair* to successfully become one remembers what it was before it became her trademark vehicle, a magazine packed with the most—glossy magazine of the rich and famous, politi-

cal commentary and the requisite big star, preferably undressed, on the cover. Brown drew lavish parties and paid her writers unprecedented huge salaries, but her approach to real talent was often dismissive. "Jeff's up, Singer," she wrote on a story by Nobel Prize laureate Isaac Bashevis Singer. (Of course, when legendary *New Yorker* editor Harold Ross wrote "you call Jeff writer?" on one manuscript, he was regarded as a lovely look, but when Brown did it the way a disinterested bitch.)

When Brown left *Vanity Fair* to edit the august *New Yorker*, she did exactly what many feared and some hoped—the put the boots to recession. 10,000-word pieces about, for example, a man in Montana mining a 700-lb bear named Buffy, and made the magazine "hot" in a way that appealed both the trivia quotient and the circulation. A bear named Buffy is no competition for a man named O.J.

That Brown, now 47, wasn't particularly nice is not a revelation. But Bachrach tries too hard to savor the couple personally. Evans, now 73, is not only a public figure, as the ad description of his groping distance with a business first checker for *Vanity Fair* (and in their strange world—Trans-Atlantic)—could there be a business first checker) seems cheap.

The author, a *Vanity Fair* writer herself, also straps low when she reveals Brown sometimes forgot to shave her legs, which should evident her to working women everywhere. Often, the book reads like an extended *Vanity Fair* rum—juicy but shallow, which may be just desserts for Brown. The book's only daring love came from the protagonists themselves. At the '90s wound down, Brown confessed she felt she'd been at a party too long, "and suddenly the lights came on and... everyone looks terrible." And her husband rose to the level of a Henry James observation when someone said to him, "I don't think Tina's America," and he replied, "Of course not, she's never been there." ■

Entertainment Notes



Keri Russell is among the new actors in a recent drama about a perished Irish

AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH

This summer, as one of the world cinema's contrasts to colonize the big screen, moviegoers can visit a disaster island, a monkey planet or a robot realm of the future. Now, with *Himalaya*, they can ascend to the top of the earth—and also get more authentic humanity than what little can be extracted from all the rock-'em, roll-'em blockbusters put together. Set in the remote Dolpo region of Nepal, 4,500 ft above sea level, *Himalaya* is a classic tale of youth chasing with age, rebellion with tradition, as a group of villagers

montage of the earth's work, snow-like landscapes—punctuated by scenes of a beautiful person—and the weathered beauty of its inhabitants. Nominated for a best foreign film Oscar (it's a Tibetan with English subtitles), *Himalaya* features affecting performances by its cast of moody non-actors. The simple story is surprisingly resonant and suspenseful, but the visuals alone are worth the price of admission. Don't miss this one on the big screen.

Patricia Hickey

MILLENNIAL ANGST

The forests are being decimated and the rivers are shrinking. A family is falling apart. Some of its members are working too hard, while others are mired in depression. It may sound like contemporary life, but it's the reason offered in *Ukulele*, the prehistoric 1897 drama by Russian writer Anton Chekhov. Now *Ukulele* has been a complex and moving production (Jan. 25) from Soapbox, the Toronto-based theater company renowned for its fresh take on the classics.

This *Ukulele* draws much of its power from Michael Levine's quietly potent version of the play's remote Russian country house, with deliberate anachronisms—a plastic milk can, ugly kitchen furniture from the 1950s—poisoning up the univer-



Michael Levine, with Lisa Reynolds, is superb

sality in Chekhov's themes. The cast members are not equally adept at soundtracking the deep tragicomic overtones of the play. But when the superb David Mamet, playing the lonely Uncle Vanya, vents the frustrations of unrequited love by tenderly embracing a chair, laughter and tears well up in equal, life-affirming rainbows.

John Simonson

VIRTUAL ELVIS IS IN THE BUILDING

For all the talk about computers soon bringing us actor-less movies, it's the singer-less concert that arrived first. Elvis Presley, dead these 24 years, has been touring the world on a two-story video screen since 1996, accompanied by the same—and still very much alive—musicians and singers who used to back him. On Aug. 14, Elvis—the Concert series at Resorts for its only Canadian stop. Its video footage comes from the films *Elvis*, *That's the Way It Is* (1970) and *Elvis on Tour* (1972) and the 1973 TV special *Elvis Aloha from Hawaii*.



A sighting in Toronto next week

all recorded live. Engineers isolated Presley's vocals and dialogue, and now band members replace the same exchanges they had with the star 30 years ago. According to conductor Joe Garraffo, 65, who worked with Presley from 1970 until the singer's death in 1977, that's what makes it work. "No one else could do this—aside from Elvis, we've got the original cast. First time we produced, it was like picking up from our last concert date. The backup singers started tearing up, and I got a little choked. So this is real." And that's what makes it follow concert when on giant screens, it seems real to them. "This often gets a standing ovation," says Garraffo.

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What Matters to Canadians

Entertainment Notes

The wild, wild West

The risqué notion that Canadian history is boring seems finally to be losing currency. But any reversion of that sentiment should be laid to rest by *The Illustrated History of British Columbia* (Douglas & McIntyre), the story of the west-coast province enriched with many pictures. Victorian-era social historian Terry Reintsch's focus includes more than politicians and business leaders. First Nations and the many struggles and disasters who were driven westward by the possibility of land and fortune also get their due. With its lively text and 320 images—some unforgettable, like the Chinese laborers quarantined on *Off-Island* near Victoria, or native boys at a residential school in 1936—the book is a vibrant evocation of British Columbia then and now.



Best-Sellers

Fiction	OFCS
1. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	1
2. <i>A MANAGER'S MANSION</i> , Elizabeth George (5)	2
3. <i>SEVEN OF ONE</i> , Michael F. U. Jones (5)	3
4. <i>WALL PAPER</i> , Terry Reintsch (5)	4
5. <i>THE OTHER WOMAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
6. <i>DAVE BROWN</i> , John Grisham (4)	7
7. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	4
8. <i>THE OTHER WOMAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
9. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
10. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
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21. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
22. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
23. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
24. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5
25. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	5

Nonfiction

1. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	1
2. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	1
3. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	1
4. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	1
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25. <i>THE KITCHEN MAN</i> , Ann Patchett (5)	1

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Allan Fotheringham

No news here, boss

Perhaps it's fated. Victoria, where you can golf in January, is not the best place to have a premier conference in August. Thirty years ago, the capital of all British Columbia was briefly the home of a historic moment.

Some two dozen weary reporters, some dead asleep on the hardwood floors of the provincial legislature building, waited until 3 a.m. for the momentous decision. Finally it came, as the equally exhausted premiers emerged from their marathon session. Robert Bourassa, then in his first incarnation as Quebec premier, had agreed with the other nine premiers on solving the never-ending dispute over the Canadian Constitution and his province's role in it.

The headlines roiled, the dinner scramble at last repaired to bed. Canada had been saved. Until, that is, the phone calls went back to Quebec City—and Bourassa's headlines in his cabinet put the panic, by long distance, to his head. The premier resigned, the ink still not dry in the documents, and of course we had the lovely fallout decades later of Meech Lake and Son of a Meach, the Charlottetown fiasco which all the politicians loved except—whoops!—not the voters and who still in the same issue blame it all on Victoria.

There could never be, in this puffery of late week in the state city, any accurate accounting of an embarrassing up until 3 a.m. The explanation is simple: Don Newman left town on-screen after sundown. Without Don Newman and Newsweek, the premiers—and possibly the country—would not actually exist. Instead of the two dozen—waiting for Gordon Bourassa three decades ago—there were 115 registered holders of media credentials in near half from the CBC and almost all of them spending four days interviewing one another in the absence of any news.

The lovely Europa Hotel, home of the not-news for this period, is a sad sight in August. For American tourists—women who should have been forbidden by God and the Criminal Code from wearing pink shoes—mean the overdone, in search of the manchester afternoon tea, with scones and strawberries. Confused Japanese tourists scuffle about, not knowing the local is eastern and probably suffering from culture shock at seeing what is considered in the pink shoes.

Essentially what is going on here, while the premiers



where about Ottawa while keeping all their meetings secret, in a Show-and-Tell display of Don Newman's remarkable talents, which involve explaining to the never premier the intricacies of the policies they can't understand or haven't heard of yet, being out on the law while the votes were taken. Newman, having a taste of underlings vaguely the size of the Serbian army, even has someone around in the too far developing stories.

Because no one has to tell the truth in public when all the meetings are in secret, hilarious tales of solidarity are told once a microphone appears in the mouth of one of the participants. As any wit knows well, all four Atlantic provinces have the misdeeds of the gun of

Clarence Mikoy Harris, who had the wit just before the confab to compare everyone who lives in those provinces to welfare cases who have just won the lottery.

Online golf instructor Harris, currently involved in local Toronto newspaper accounts involving his new girlfriend, further undressed himself (in a "welfare" scenario by stepping off on the way to the ill-fated at a restaurant fishing, instead with such welfare burns in George Bush Sr. and Peter Dinklage, darning off all the ill-fatedness-burlesque lawyers. In the press room, there is no beer. But there are Nanaimo bars. No one has ever been able to explain why they are called Nanaimo bars. Perhaps the *Nanaimo Bar* should. Call Sandra Godwin.

What we have here are 10 supplicants—with those observers from the Realty for North ruling, shegung—emerging occasionally from their secret meetings like birds out of Oliver Twist making their tin cups before Don Mother Don Newman has only one tin—made from never among his supporters like David Bentley—that being: thanking each refugee from Dickens for "taking the time" to be here. These birds are paid for by the taxpayer. They would give their left one to get 30 seconds with Don. Why does he have to thank them?

Ns young Bernard Long of New Brunswick has not the left to replace Joe Clark. Yes, new boy Lonnie Calvert of Saskatchewan needs a new tailor. Soon, they made the point too long. Manitoba's Gary Doer was such a dour as a union leader that he tried to convince his former girlfriend he was a Tory. Nothing makes sense. There is no news. Perhaps it's Victoria.

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GOALS:

In my book the knight will slay the dragon and save the princess but there won't be any kissing. The end.

~ Logan



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